

Silent Worker.

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

Vol. XXXII. No. 3

Trenton, N. J., December, 1918

10 Cents a Copy



FROM THE OLD WORLD

Written Specially for
The Silent Worker

By MDLLE YVONNE PITROIS
A DEAF ARTIST OF RHEIMS—
MR. HENRI FORTIN.



ARRYING on my pleasant task to make the French artists better known in our sister America, I am going to talk to-day to my dear readers about the deaf French painter of Rheims, Mr. Henri Fortin; his wife and works are specially interesting to relate in this war time!

Mr. Fortin was born January 26, 1861, in Guise (Aisne.) His father was a prosperous shoe manufacturer. A bright and intelligent child the little boy had, when three years old, convulsions that left him totally deaf; happily, through his devoted mother's patience and loving care, he never lost his speech and received a good home education to begin with. When he was seven, he was sent to Paris, to a school conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine; he remained there three years, and revealed himself to be a very studious pupil, especially gifted for drawing; in those early times, the small boy began his artistic career by drawing from nature our famous Parisian monument, the Pantheon, the resting place of Victor Hugo and others of our most illustrious countrymen.

But the war of 1870-71 broke out; Henri's parents, afraid for their child's safety, kept him home, and as Guise happened to be on the way of the rush of the German army, before and after the battle of St. Quentin, the boy saw many terrible devastations made by the Huns of this generation. He never forgot them, and always kept in his heart a feeling of horror and repulse for the brutal invaders of his native town.



THE LETTER FROM HOME
Specially drawn for the Silent Worker by Mr. Fortin
Engraved by Parker Jerrell, a New Jersey School Pupil

Alas, in his manhood he was destined to know bitter patriotic sufferings!

After the war, he went back to the Brothers' school for one year, after which, being already a well prepared little fellow, he entered the National Institution for the deaf in Paris, —the Alma Mater of all the distinguished deaf men of to-day. There he remained from 1873 till 1881, and was a favorite pupil of the famous old master Valade-Gabel; he studied under his guidance: history, mythology, literature of ancient times, —all things very useful to know for a would-be artist; he was taught mathematics by Mr. Ernest Dusuzean the celebrated deaf mute teacher. During these studious years, he began a long life friendship with several schoolmates who are now among the leaders of our silent world: the philanthropist and mutualist Emile Mercier, the great sculptor Fernand Hamar, the delegate to the Hartford convention Edmond Pilet, and so on. As a classical student, he obtained through competition a free scholarship for one year to the Itard course, the upper section organized for the benefit of the most intelligent and promising pupils. As a student in fine arts, the last year of his stay in the Institution, he was solemnly awarded on the prize day a complete artist's bag, with a box of colors and an easel. A priceless treasure for a lad of twenty!

After this happy, always affectionately remembered school time, Henri Fortin consecrated himself entirely to his vocation, studying hard at the School of the Decorative Arts at the Academy Colorassi, at the

School of the Fine Arts. While he was improving himself in Paris, he opened in his home in Guise two studios, one as for a portrait painter and the other as for a photographer; both succeeded very well. The young artist was surely very active, for in addition to this business he began to make many drawings for illustrated magazines. Most of his pictures and drawings were, and still are, of military character, and truly Mr. Fortin can be classed among the best military deaf painters we ever had. There is a proof of his talent in this genre. The great French patriot, the idol of the earnest youth of France, Paul Deroulede had launched a journal whose name indicates the tendency: "Le Drapeau," (the Flag.) Henri Fortin sent to him his subscription bill, both with a military drawing he respectfully offered to him. By the next post, Paul Deroulede returned the money to the young deaf painter,—but he kept the drawing, and wrote that Mr. Fortin had nothing to pay for his subscription, as from this day he was enrolled in the staff of contributors! It was surely one of the successes which made Henri Fortin, the proudest,—and the happiest in his life. He gave to "Le Drapeau" many beautiful military illustrations, and, in this way, became acquainted with the greatest military artists of the century,—De Neuville, Detaille, and others, who prized his works and were always in very kind and sympathetic terms with him.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Fortin made several trips to the picture galleries of Europe. He stayed in Belgium, Holland, England, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, and Germany. He earnestly admired the works of the Italian, Flemish and Dutch old masters, but was always full of disdain for the heavy German art. Before his travels, he studied English and German languages, without the aid of a teacher, to prepare himself abroad and to read the foreign artistic books in their original language. But NOW he refuses to use a single German word, while he can read

and write English quite fluently, and loves to do so! By the way, in the future, may every clever deaf person in the two worlds, be able to use freely these two languages, French and English? It will be a bond of friendship between us all, and a passport for the whole universe!

After his father's death, in 1902, Mr. Fortin came to live with his mother and their family in Rheims, the splendid historical city of Champagne, the jewel of France. Here he began a new and most beautiful work, the painting and mending of glass windows for the churches and for the Cathedral where our kings were crowned in ancient times; this enterprise was a capital one and no less than sixty artists were engaged to work for it! Unfortunately, two years later the Law of Separation gave a mortal wound to the trade of glazed window painting; most of the Rheims artists had to emigrate to America or Canada. Mr. Fortin, not willing to go so far from his loved old mother and his family, accepted similar positions in Belgium and Germany. While he was in Belgium, he made friends with several deaf Belgian personalities, as M. and Mme. Robert Dresse, M. Delame, but during his stay in Germany, he always refused to make acquaintances with the German deaf,—he had not forgotten the sacking of Guise in his childhood! And little did he think then of the worst things that were to come so soon!

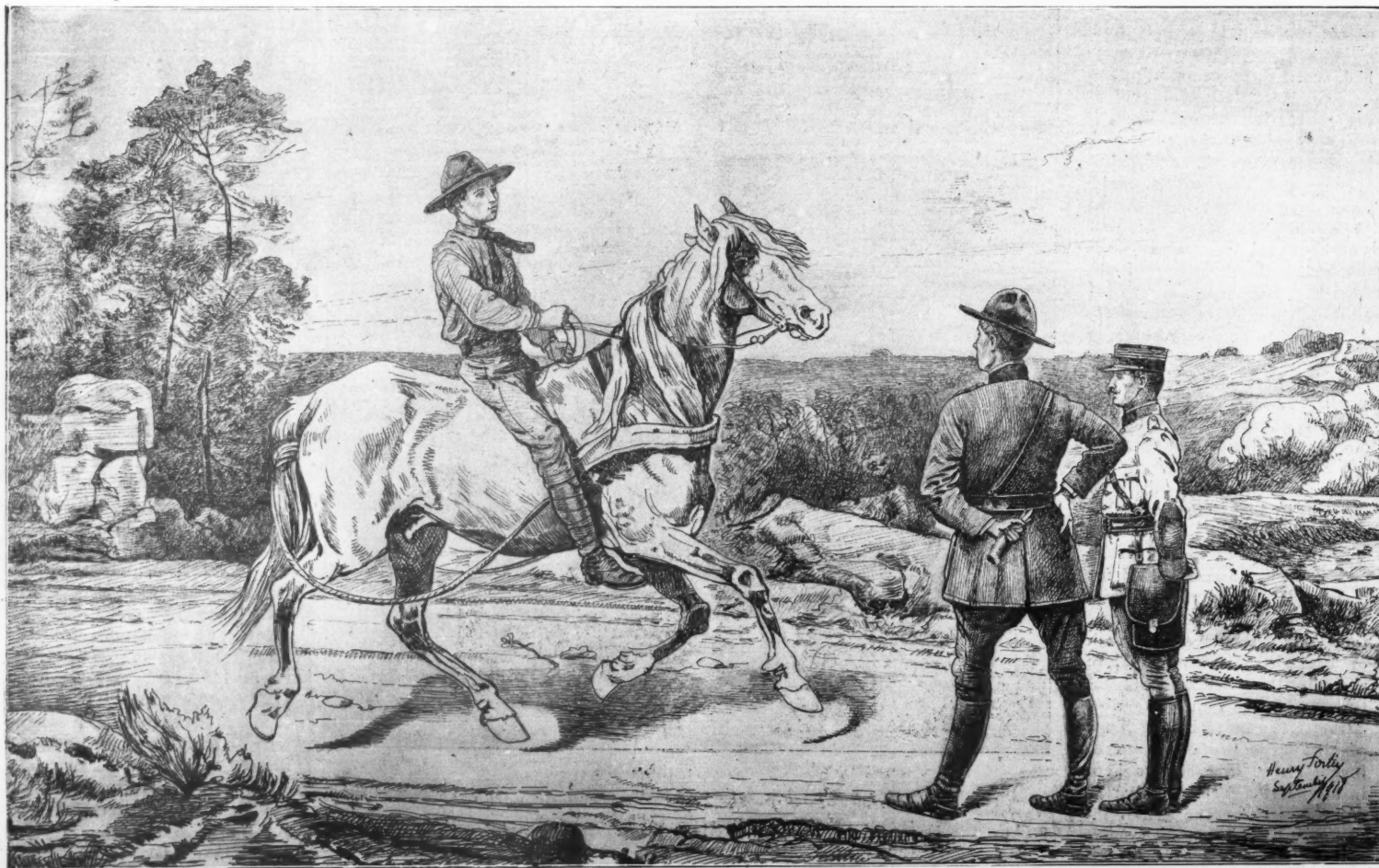
He came home in Rheims in 1905, and three years later, married Mlle. Jeanne Pitoux, of Nancy, the charming deaf-mute daughter of a lawyer, educated wholly by the manual method. This was a love affair from the beginning, and....let me whisper it....it is a love affair still!!! They took a pretty apartment of their own, and for some years, both lived very peacefully and happily in their cosy nest. The family of Mr. Fortin having created a manufactory of pianos and church organs, he found a new practical utilization of his talents in adorning the musical instruments with beautiful decorations and pain-

tings. He continued his picture work however, and attained year after year more perfection, more success. He exhibited his pictures several times in Rheims, Amiens, Nevers, once in Paris, and obtained several prizes, among them a silver medal for a painting destined to the Red Cross.

And suddenly for the second time the Germans attacked France, for the second time in his life Mr. Fortin saw the invasion of the Huns, who haughtily crossed Rheims in their triumphant march "Nacht Paris," and a few days after, in September 1914, having being defeated at the Marne, re-crossed it hastily as fugitives! But from this moment, the savage bombardment of the ill-fated city began. Mr. and Mme. Fortin bravely stayed for two months under the bombs and bullets which made so many victims around them, finally their quarter took fire, they were obliged to escape with no luggage except a little bag. Mr. Fortin left behind him his precious and unique collection of pictures, drawings, cartoons, illustrated bound magazines, hidden in a champagne wine cell. Only an artist can understand how painful it was to forsake these treasures! And more cruel disaster still! While they were running away from the burning city, they saw amidst flames and smoke the priceless windows of St. Remy's church, and of the Cathedral fly in pieces in the air.

The artist and his wife took refuge in Brittany, and lived a very simple, but very pleasant cottage by the sea in St. Ideuc, near St. Malo. It is there during our summer holidays of 1917, that I had the pleasure to make their acquaintance. Mr. Fortin added to his already considerable amount of his life works by doing many water-color paintings on the shore and amidst the beautiful scenery of the Emerald Coast. The graceful silhouette and smiling face of Madame Fortin appeared in most of these landscapes, for she is her husband's favorite model!

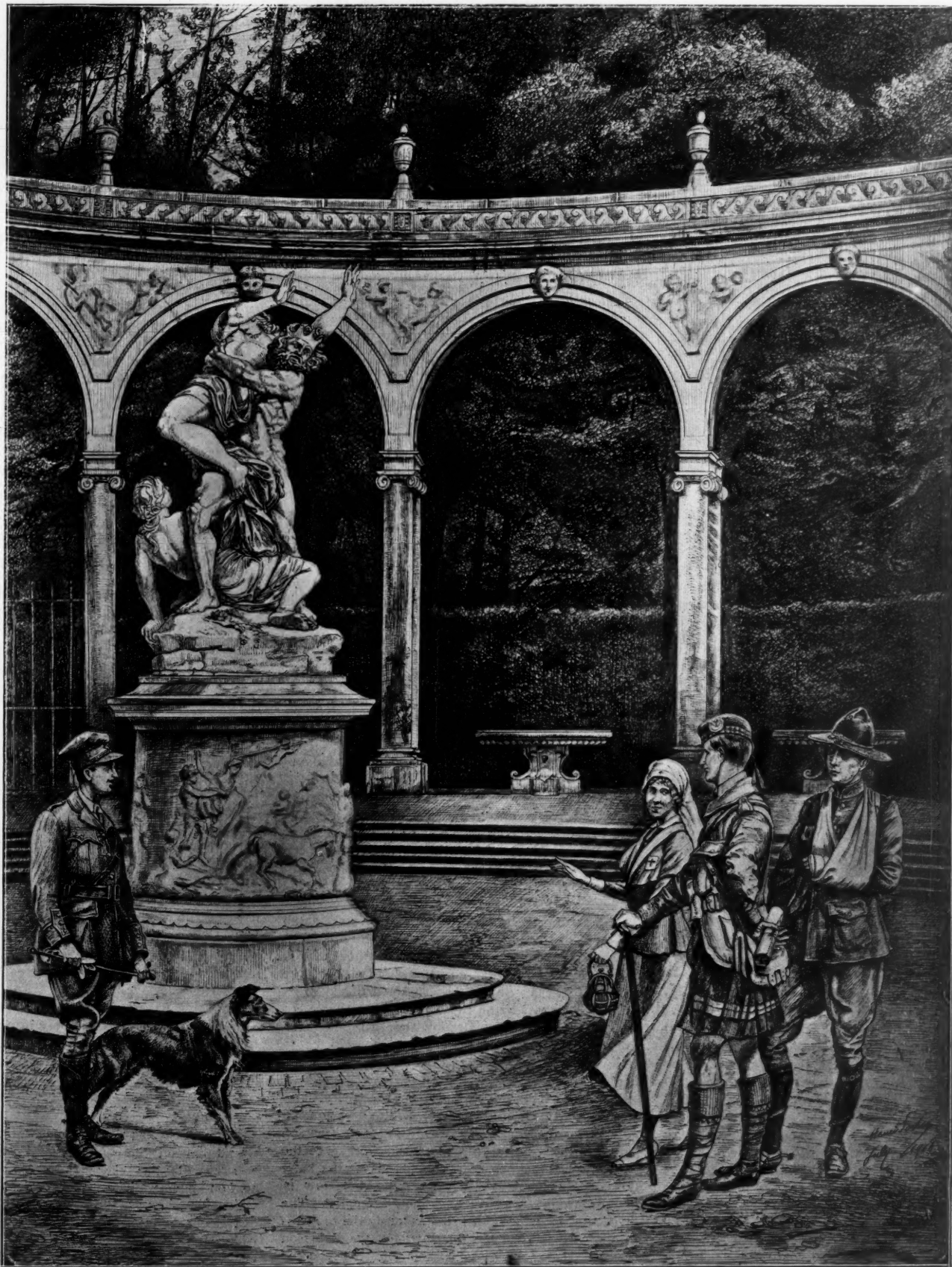
The dear old mother of Mr. Fortin, aged 83, had absolutely refused to leave Rheims and re-



AFTER THE REQUISITION

Specially drawn for the SILENT WORKER by Mr. Henri Fortin.

Engraved by Parker Jerrell.



A VISIT TO VERSAILLES PARK

*Specially drawn for the SILENT WORKER by Mr. Henri Fortin
Photo-engraving by Parker Jerrell, a pupil at the New Jersey School for the Deaf.*

Presswork by William Felts who is taking a Post-graduate course in Printing at the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

mained in the bombarded city for three whole years, till at last, the danger always increasing she consented to come and join her children who anxiously claimed her. Strange and sad to say, the brave old lady, who had escaped so many times a most horrid death, who had done, without any harm, a tragic journey to leave Rheims in a Red Cross car full of living and dead refugees. She seemed to be in very good health, still enjoyed for a few weeks the affection, peace and comfort she was surrounded by her son and her daughter-in-law, and died suddenly a short time after her arrival!

Now Mr. and Madame Fortin have left Brittany and are living in Versailles, near Paris, the birth-place of the Abbe de l'Epee; they expect to remain there till after the war, then they can return to their dear Rheims. The familiar piano and organ manufactory having been transferred in Versailles, Mr. Fortin is busy again adorning with exquisite paintings the beautiful instruments of which, alas! the musical sounds are lost to him and his wife. Yes, his preferences are always for picture paintings, and, in the noble and grand surroundings of the castle and royal Park of Versailles, the favorite resort of our Kings and Queens of France, he finds many sources of inspiration. Madame Fortin is, as always, his inseparable companion, and while he is busy with his brush or pencil, she works actively near him for she is an artist too,—an artist with the needle, and makes exquisite fancy works and embroideries. Intelligent and skillful she is, too, a fine *cordonbleu* and a perfect housekeeper,—the ideal of a wife! Both Mr. and Madame Fortin are of very refined, quiet, calm and reserved dispositions, and, though loved and esteemed by everyone, they only associate with a circle of chosen intimate friends. The one and the other are blessed with a large and affectionate family, uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, cousins. But this joy has become in itself a source of many sorrows, as it is the general case in these dreadful days. Many of their relatives had been killed in action, are missing or are held as prisoners, or have also left all that they possessed in the invaded, zones and are scattered all through France till better times come. There is in Rheims an important and prosperous deaf-mute association, the best one of France, headed by Mr. Emile Mercier. Mr. Fortin was for many years the treasurer of this society, a position he still holds.

When, during our meeting in St. Idenc, I told Mr. Fortin of my wish to write a sketch about him for the "Silent Worker," I had some difficulty in obtaining his consent, for he is as modest as he is talented, but he consented at last, with a smile "*pour faire plaisance Americains*" (to please the American.) I had asked him for a few illustrations to accompany my article. How surprised and delighted I was to receive in answer, a few months later, these three beautiful military drawings he had made specially from nature in Versailles and intended for my New World readers! I am sure that they will be as pleased as I have been myself, by the thoughtful attention of the artist to have chosen as models for them these American soldiers,—and to have grouped all together *Sammies* (or must I say *Yanks*?) *Tommies*, and *poilus*,—all brothers in arms now, and friends forever! Notice in the drawing, "A visit to Versailles," the fine likeness of the statue "*L'Entevement de Proserpine*" and the imposing marble colonnade with the splendid shadowy trees, several hundred years old, in the background. It is a beautiful sight indeed that this smiling Red Cross nurse (or Madame Fortin!) is pointing out to her wounded men!

When looking at these pictures, one will naturally wish that, in spite of the destruction of Rheims by the Huns, the precious collections left by Mr. Fortin have not been robbed or burned, and that he will find them all in good condition when he returns home,—otherwise the loss would be too great!

After the war, if any of my American readers go to Rheims to pay a tribute of admiration, horror and regret, to the ruins of the murdered Cathedral and of the martyred city, he will surely be welcome in the rebuilt home of Mousiense and Madame Fortin, in the reopened studio of the artist. With his fine command of English, Mr. Fortin will be able to render the visitor many services, and I know that he will be glad to act as his interpreter and his guide,—for France and America's sake!

YVONNE PITROIS.

THE JERSEY CORNER

Conducted by Miles Sweeney



IT IS with pleasure we note that another "Corner" has been added to the Silent Worker, entitled, "Bob White's Corner." "Bob White" is the pseudonym of Harry Stewart Smith, a graduate of the New Jersey School. After an absence of some ten years from this state, Smith spent a few months here in Trenton renewing acquaintances and working at the Trenton Times; for, mind you, Harry is a de luxe typographical artist as well as a disciple of Nimrod and Izaak Walton.

Smith is, moreover, one of those rare beings who set at naught the old adage, "There is no place like home." Rosemont, New Jersey, has no attractions for him; nor does any other part of this versatile little state. It is Colorado, Colorado and once again, Colorado. To him Colorado is "God's own country." How about Palestine? But, say, this fellow is mighty interesting; has a head chuck full of weird tales—of Indians, cowboys, rattlesnakes, mountain lions, bandits, everything that makes your hair stand on end. He is a lover of Nature and the great Out-of-doors and never tires of singing their praises. The products of his pen do not smell of the lamp, but of the field and mountain, wood and stream. No book worm, this boy; he gets his materials first-hand, from what he sees and experiences.

There is no doubt his articles will be welcomed by a great many readers of the Worker. We all of us have more or less of that old primeval feeling of going a hunting or fishing. This instinct has been handed down to us from the days when those two practices formed almost the sole occupations of the race. Civilization is only a recent development. The old instincts, however, are still with us, though not quite so strong. Men do not go fishing as often as they did in the days of the author of "A Complete Angler;" they go somewhere else—to the movies, perhaps. Slowly but surely artificial practices are encroaching on the old instincts; slowly but surely new desires are forming and replacing them. Some day, perhaps, our chief pastime will be to visit Mr. and Mrs. Cheeseman, who live up there in the moon.

Nowadays hunting and fishing are recreations. Occupations they no longer are, save to a very small portion of the race. We leave the food question to the farmer, the grocer, the stockraiser, or to the butcher. Occupations are as numerous as the hairs on your head. Once homogeneous, life now is heterogeneous; once simple, now complex. The division of labor has aided tremendously the progress of civilization. The Jack-of-all-trades, the Robinson Crusoes, cut poor figures in this age. To succeed you must specialize.

It was Adam Smith (but pray don't confound this name with the subject of this sketch) who better than any other man pointed out that the division of labor is chiefly responsible for the difference between savage life and civilized life. In his "Wealth of Nations," one of the most useful books ever written, Smith says, "The great increase of the quantity of work, which, in consequence of the division of labor,

the same number of people are capable of performing, is owing to three different circumstances; first, to the increase of dexterity in every particular workman; secondly, to the saving of the time which is commonly lost in passing from one species of work to another; and lastly, to the invention of a great number of machines which facilitate and abridge labor, and enable one man to do the work of many." He then goes on to illustrate how those three circumstances are the result of men concentrating their energies on some single object, instead of dissipating them among a great variety of things. But to return to "Bob White."

Ask "Bob" which is the more preferable, the "artificial" or the "natural" life, and the answer comes as a panegyric on the latter. Perhaps Bob knows; for, unlike most of us, his life has been one continual oscillation between the two. But ask him again, which is the better, artificial bait or the natural kind, and this time the artificial has it. Oh, what strange things confront us in this life! We praise the conditions and circumstances that produce the Indian and the cave-man, and yet we prefer an Edison to a Sitting Bull. The English are notoriously home-lovers. This is due to the harsh and wet climate of England, which keeps the inhabitants either in the factory or around the fireplace, which habits in turn have made the English people the vanguard of the human race.

When Voltaire read Rousseau's eloquent treatises on Nature, he remarked, "I have a strong desire to go down on all four paws." Voltaire spent his long life amidst books, courts and gay salons; ate chicken, white bread and other "civilized" dainties; drank wine; wrote his height in books; and died laughing at the follies of mankind. Rousseau, on the other hand, spent his life much in the open, roaming the fields, eating his brown bread, frowning at civilization and crying, "Back to Nature," "back to Nature" to the very end of his rather short life.

After all, civilized life is not without its advantages or attractions. The "Call of the Wild" is perhaps more irresistible to most of us, though to others it is nothing but the old "Indian" beckoning in us. The lover of civilization may confidently say to the lover of Nature: "Though I love the woods, fields, birds, animals and waters, I love men more; man is Nature's masterpiece and his society I prefer to even that of the flower. If you find more pleasure amidst inanimate objects and the lower animals, be assured I will not disturb that pleasure. But pray do not encourage me to turn 'tiger;' do not make me long for the Stone Age; a thousand times rather I'd be the inferior of my fellow-men than be king of the cave-men. The hearth I account my shrine. I need not go to the mountains to get in communion with God; if necessary I can do the same in a dungeon. For God is omnipresent."

The world is constantly progressing. A million years from now will probably see a race of beings as superior to us as we are to prehistoric men. The spiritual part of us is only beginning to develop. We have already done wonders in the physical world, but there remains the psychic world that promises even greater wonders.

The largest flag in the world now hangs in the Grand Central Station in New York. The banner was raised by the Liberty Loan committee to stimulate bond buying. The stripes in the flag are five feet wide. The stars are three and a half feet wide. The flag is one hundred sixty feet long and eighty feet wide. It weighs four hundred pounds and was made by five hundred tailors. One hundred workmen were required to hang the flag, which covers the entire proscenium on the upper level. It took from 10 P.M. to daybreak to hang the flag.—*The Rochester Advocate*.

True enjoyment comes from activity of the mind and exercise of the body; the two are ever united.—*Humboldt*.



SOMETIMES, when I am in a retrospective mood; when my mind wanders back to the days I have spent in the saddle, in camp, and on the long trail that leads to nowhere, I wonder that I have come thru all unscathed.

Two year ago, the day before Christmas, Bert and I were sitting in front of our cabin dressing a deer skin preparatory to converting it into buckskin, when he conceived the idea of making a trip to the South Platte Country, after lynx and mountain lion. Now, I'm always ready for such a trip, and within two hours we were ready for the start. I knew we were going into a region infested by these animals, as only a day or so previous to this, I had read in our local newspaper that two lions and a lynx had been shot while feeding around the

carcass of an elk they had killed. The trip, all told, was about 120 miles, but, as we were, in no hurry, we took things easy, hunting and locating good trapping grounds en route. The trip was made thru beautiful Ute Pass, at one time an Indian trail, winding down thru the Rockies, the only way out of the South Platte country, into the plains. This road is now one of the finest scenic routes in Colorado, and is one of the attractions of the Pikes Peak Region.

"Cricket" and "Midget" our mounts, were in fine form, as they had been ranging the whole fall, and were as eager for the trip as was "Grizzly," our Aire-dale. As we had no idea of staying for any length of time, we did away with taking our pack horses, leaving them to range at will, around the cabin, as we knew no harm would come to them, beside, they never strayed far. Bert and I always stood by the golden rule of "going light, but right;" that is, we do away with the superfluous articles that the un-



Christmas in the Rockies



"One of the prettiest lynx I ever saw."

initiated "tenderfoot" would insist upon taking. Frying pan, stew kettle, coffee pot, a few spoons; sugar, coffee, salt, pepper, knife and fork. This completed our culinary department. We didn't even take our tent, for the reason that there are many deserted cabins on the route we had chosen, and would manage to reach them about dusk. A few potatoes, either bought or swiped from the scattered ranchers, and a rabbit brought down by a well aimed shot, would make us a good meal. As to our arms, Bert had his .30-.30 Winchester, while I carried my .22 Hi-Power Savage. Beside these, between us, we carried four side guns, two .45 Colts, one .22 Colts and a Smith & Wesson .38. From this it can be seen that we were prepared for any kind of game. Bert and I are both good shots, the former being far above the average, but is very excitable, and at the psychological moment, becomes so imbued with "luck fever" that he shoots badly.

The first day we made 30 miles, and spent the night with a forest ranger whom we knew. He told us that lynx and lion were quite numerous, but were unusually wary, as there had been no snow in that altitude (9670 feet) as yet, consequently they were not pressed for food, but contented themselves with pulling down young deer and calves.

We left the ranger's cabin early in the morning, starting out at a brisk canter, as our mounts were imbued with the spirit of the occasion as well as ourselves. When we halted at noon beside a mountain stream for our midday lunch, we had covered over 25 miles. Coffee, potatoes and bacon were soon disposed of, and as we were within 10 miles of our stopping place for the night, decided to start our hunt

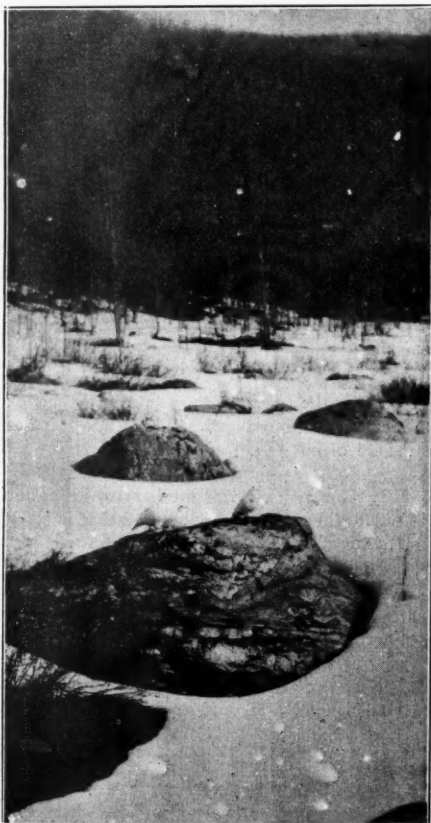
from here. I have no fear if any animal that roams the fastness of the Rockies, but as a safeguard, I always insist upon taking "Grizzly" with me, for it is he who warns me of the near presence of game—without him I'd be lost. Bert and I have a code of signals—which no one but us know. In case I should meet with an accident, 5 shots in succession, would bring him to me. A blast from the whistle I carry, at intervals of a half hour or so, informs him that all is well. In case I should become confused as to the direction he is taking, 2 whistles would mean that he is to work closer toward me.

It must be remembered that either a lynx or a lion is a dangerous animal when cornered, and a mis-directed shot, wounding one, would mean an attack, and it is for this reason that I control myself to a remarkable degree before taking a shot at an animal when treed or in a standing position. In such cases I've never failed to make a clean kill. But when an animal is running, one has to shoot quick, and in nearly every case, he wounds it instead of killing outright.

As usual, signals were agreed upon, and we separated—he to take a roundabout course, while I hunted directly toward the deserted cabin. "Cricket" was almost uncontrollable that morning, and I could do nothing with her, so let her have free rein up to within five miles of cabin, when I dismounted and hobbled her, so she could not stray, as we were in a country new to her, and could not trust her like I could when on her own range.

"Grizzly" knew that the time had come, so I gave him the word to "go." I have him trained so that he is hardly ever out of sight, and if I should lose sight of him, a whistle invariably causes him to return. In case he has treed an animal, he will come to me, and by his actions I know what to expect.

He hunted close to me for several hours, but later he was gone, and all my calling could not make him return. This was unusual, and I became uneasy, for I knew he had either joined Bert or had treed something and would not return. At last the suspense became too much, and drawing my colts, fired five times in quick succession which told Bert to come toward me. The report of the last shot had hardly died away when "Grizzly" came running



"A bunch of ptarmigan gazed at us inquisitively."



"During the night it snowed."

toward me, then I noticed the bushes moving, and thinking some animal was coming toward me, took a firmer grip on my rifle, but it was Bert, and across his shoulder he carried one of the prettiest lynx I ever saw, and one of the largest. He laughed, and the laugh surely was on me, for he happened to be working his way toward me, when "Grizzly" began barking on the trail of the lynx which he finally treed. As it happened, he reached the tree just as I had fired my "distress" shots. Of course I told Bert something he understood, but which "Grizzly" did not—for I was angry at both of them.

After skinning the lynx, we separated, I hunting back toward the place where I had left "Cricket," Bert going higher up the slope of the mountains. A porcupine disputed the right of way, and a badger winked at me from his den under a huge boulder.

As his hide was worth anywhere from \$3.00 to \$5. I shot him, and after skinning, continued on my way. All this time "Grizzly" had kept close to my heels, and I was beginning to think that my chances for a shot at larger game that day were slim. In fact, I had become careless, and had about made up my mind to go direct to "Cricket," mount and ride to the cabin, so as to have it in shape for the night, as we had not been there since the year previous. Besides, I was tired and sat down on a stump "Grizzly" stretching himself at my feet. I was in the act of rolling a cigarette, when he gave one great jump, the hair on his back standing straight. I was scared—in fact more than I ever was, for I knew that something was near, and uncomfortably so. In a few bounds "Grizzly" had disappeared, and I was after him as fast as I could. In a clearing about a quarter mile from me, I saw Bert shoot at something, then start on a run. Then, I saw what it was—a great mountain lion, leaping from rock to rock, with "Grizzly" in close pursuit, and too, it was wounded, which I knew by the way it ran. I knew we must keep as close as I could for, if the lion should turn on "Grizzly," he would be killed. Bert soon joined me, and we both ran after them knowing that our dog's life was at stake if we were not close to him at the critical moment of the lion's last stand. I manged to get a shot at him, and had the satisfaction of seeing that my shot had taken effect, for he fell, but finally regained his feet, then ran for a large tree that had partly fallen. When he reached the first limb he stopped, and it was the fiercest sight I ever saw; blood was flowing from a great wound in his side, and his eyes were like fire; the yells he emitted were fearful. While Bert was tense with excitement, I was perfectly composed, and, while he wanted to fire the finishing shot with his Colts I firmly insisted that it was my turn, as he had already bagged a lynx. Besides I was not going to have him run the possibility of wounding it again, as a Colts .45 has too much recoil to it to make a good shot, except at close quarters. So drawing a head directly back of his shoulder, I fired and the great beast fell to the ground—the soft pointed bullet from my powerful Savage rifle tearing a great hole in its side.

While the hide of the mountain lion is almost worthless from a fur buyers' point of view, they sell from \$5 to \$8 and are used mostly for rugs.

As it was now three o'clock we decided to go direct to the cabin, so, after getting our horses, mounted and started, arriving at the cabin in an hour's ride. While Bert unsaddled the horses and gave them their usual amount of sugar, I set about getting supper and putting the cabin in shape. It turned out that it was infested with deer mice—pretty little creatures, brown and white, with black, head-like eyes—pretty—but have a great failing of getting in bed with you. Now, I draw the line when it comes to mice and rattle-snakes; indeed, I fear them more than I do any wild animal that roams the mountains. I'm perfectly "at home" when it comes to sleeping on the floor or prairie, but not where there are mice. So we decided to make a swinging bed, took an old wire mattress and swung it from the rafters of the cabin with

our ropes, thus the possibility of having a mouse in bed was averted.

We slept as only the tired hunter does and when we awoke in the morning—it was Christmas—Christmas in the fastness of the Rocky Mountains—and a white one—for, in the night it had snowed—and as far as we could see the mountains were clothed in immaculate white, glistening in the morning's sunlight.

Nearby, a few ptarmigan were gazing at us, inquisitively, and as I stood there gazing upon the splendid sight spread out before me, I raised my voice in thanksgiving, for it was Christmas—the season of "Peace, On Earth, Good Will Toward Men."

OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS.

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins;
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where friendship's a little truer,
That's where the West begins;
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts with despair are aching,
That's where the West begins;
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying,
That's where the West begins.

—Arthur Chapman

A colored woman went to a drug store and asked for some flesh-colored court-plaster. The clerk, glancing at her complexion, handed her a package of black. She stared at him for a moment, and then said: "I asked you for flesh color. Dis here's skin color."—*Exchange.*



Mrs. M. M. Knisley of Davenport, Iowa, mother of Harry P. McCrary, whose military portrait was reproduced in the November issue.

ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR ONE

The wise old fellows who arranged our mathematics for us long ago gave out the statement that "the whole is equal to the sum of all its parts." Let one of these parts be missing, even a tiny one, and the whole is incomplete, defective. There is no rule which says that the little parts don't count; that the whole is equal to the sum of all its big parts, or its important parts, or those of its parts which people see and make much of. It says all its parts; none is small enough to be safely left out.

A locomotive engineer knows this. Before train-time he goes over his engine and makes sure that every working part, every supporting part of the big machine is ready for its job, not only the big parts which show, but the little parts which do not. No belt so unimportant that its condition doesn't matter, no mechanism so trivial that it can be safely ignored. The job of the bell is picturesque and showy; the whistle makes noise and lots of it; the giant drivers transform steam into action, but behind and below and inside are small things, not picturesque and neither noisy nor showy, which mean a smooth run for the engine if they work right, a breakdown, or worse, if they go wrong. A locomotive, steaming out on its run, is equal in power and get-there to the sum of all its parts, and no less.

We are all parts of America's great engine of War. We cannot all be bell, or whistle, giant drivers or upper works on top of the boiler, continuously showing and operating where all may see, but, nevertheless, we are all there, somewhere in or about the huge mechanism; and just as upon the strength of a half-hidden bolt the safe, sure run of a locomotive may depend, so upon the faithfulness and plain, every-day "stickativeness" of countless human bolts, obscure and perhaps unappreciated from their own point of view, may rest the safe, sure run of America's War engine. Safe and sure for the engine if all parts, big and little, industrial as well as military, hold fast and work in harmony; delay, perhaps a breakdown, if they fail.

The Engineer is looking us over. He is tapping here and there to see that we ring true. There is a trainload of cherished ideals and precious heritage which he must pilot over a tough piece of track, full of steep grades and reverse curves. It is no time for pessimism, no time for half heartedness no time for complaint that our work doesn't count because it has no display features. Mile by mile, day by day, over the road, each human part in the big machine will do his work as well as he can, knowing thereby that the full power of America is exerted, and that no worker's share in it, however small or humble or silent, is unessential.

TO FRANCE

What is the gift we have given thee, Sister?
What is the trust we have laid in thy hand?
Hearts of our bravest, our best, and our dearest,
Blood of our blood we have sown in thy land.

What for all time will the harvest be, Sister?
What will spring from the seed that is sown?
Freedom and peace and good-will among nations
Love that will bind us with love all our own.

Sorrow hath made thee more beautiful, Sister
Nobler and purer than ever before;
We who are chastened by sorrow and anguish
Hail thee as sister and queen evermore.

—Frederick G. Scott.
(Treasury of War Poetry)

Make but few explanations. The character that cannot defend itself is not worth vindicating.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Peace, On Earth, Good Will Towards Men

CHRISTMAS TRIUMPHANT

CHRISTMAS has conquered much of the world. It will conquer the rest.

At first thought Christmas does not suggest conquering. It calls up the vision of a little child, of a happy mother, of home and all things meek and gentle. And when we speak of conquest we think of hard-limbed warriors "full of strange oaths," of cannon and falling cities, of mad horses charging, and of all things pitiless and fierce.

Why then this strange junction of Christmas and Triumph?

Because "the meek shall inherit the earth."

Because in the curious drama of time harsh creatures go down to extinction and gentle creatures persist. Even before Man came upon the scene of evolution this improbable law is to be noted. Mastodons, huge and armored reptiles, sabre-toothed tigers, and other apparently unconquerable forms of life have disappeared. Only their fossil bones remain. They perished by their own ferocity. The truth in "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword" prevailed before ever there was a sword.

Love is tougher than Hate. Hate goes down with the setting sun; Love rises new every morning. Hate dies with the man; Love is re-born in his children.

The mad war-lords of Prussia have misread the code of Destiny. The powers they believe in are frail. Violence, frightfulness and fury are frail. Like the tyrannosaurus and the pterodactyl and other prehistoric monsters, they are doomed. They shall be buried in the rock-strata of history, covered over by the slow silt of Truth and Gentleness and Honor. For the sands of Love flow inexhaustible from the hand of Almighty God, and at last bury all the proud grotesque monuments of man's hate.

The little Child Christmas goes on to conquer the earth. For his weapons are man's eternal instincts. He has abolished Gladiatorial games, Piracy, Brigandage Torture and Slavery from most of the world. For the delight in cruelty may reign

By DR. FRANK CRANE

In Pictorial Review



for a time, but mercy is from generation to generation, becoming more dominant with the adulthood of the race.

He will abolish war. Even now in the greatest of wars, He is preparing the extinction of war. This conflict is not the fight of one nation against another. It is not the contention of rival militarisms. It is the revolt of mankind against the whole idea of military sway. It is the gathering together of all peoples and all nations to destroy the hideous organization of militarism which, conceived in the unclean body of autocracy, has issued forth to pollute creation.

The Little Child is weeping in Belgium, in France, in Poland, in Russia, in Serbia, in Armenia. His body is peaked with starvation. He whimpers at the breast of his slain mother. And Humanity will not endure that any man or men shall stride to power over mangled children.

The armies of the East and West therefore gather against the beasts of Germany. As they march, "a little child shall lead them." It is the Child Christmas. It is the spirit of Love and Duty advancing against its ancient foe. For Love is all powerful. At last it will have its way. Armies will scatter before it and cannon melt. The cunning devices of the wicked shall come to naught in its presence.

Love Almighty! Suppressed here, it arises yonder. Driven from earth by men's madness, it steals back again, when next lovers meet in the spring and mothers hold babies to their hearts.

Love Almighty! Little Child Christmas! Not for nothing, through the dark ages, did the people worship the Woman with the child in her arms. It expressed the inexhaustible recognition of Love Almighty.

And someday Christmas, and all it stands for shall triumph. Then "shall all men's good be each man's rule and universal Peace lie like a shaft of light across the land, and like a lane of beams athwart the sea through all the circle of the golden year."

Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post office in Trenton as Second-class matter.]

Editors

ALVIN E. POPE, M. A. JOHN P. WALKER, M. A.
GEORGE S. PORTER, Business Manager

Published Monthly from October to July inclusive at the New Jersey School for the Deaf.
Subscription Price: \$1.00 a year invariably in advance. Liberal commission to subscription agents. Foreign subscriptions, \$1.25. Canada, \$1.15.
Advertising Rates made known on application.
All Contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.
Articles for Publication should be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.
Rejected Manuscripts will not be returned unless stamp is enclosed.
Address all communications to
THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

VOL. XXXI DECEMBER, 1918 No. 3

It is too bad that the Ephphata of Brazil had to suspend, as it was the only paper published exclusively for the deaf in America south of the Equator.

The year thus far has not been so fateful among prominent educators of the deaf as its predecessor, but in taking Warring D. Wilkinson of California and James Fearon of Halifax, it has extinguished two of our brightest lights.

We are deeply appreciative of the painstaking effort of Mr Henri Fortin in behalf of our current issue. The pictures he has sent us represent many hours of artistic labor and we are most glad to have them for our pages. We are a bit proud too of the work of Parker Jerrell of our half-tone department who has given them such excellent reproduction.

It was the greatest of all Thanksgivings, in our land at large, in our state, in our school, everywhere; the most wonderful Thanksgiving ever known. In our little school, it was a day especially replete with joy. A service of jubilation in the morning, a dinner that in all substantial respects was perfect, an afternoon filled with interest and excitement by two games between pupils and graduates, and an evening in the world of moving pictures. What could there be more? Christmas alone can bring greater joy and, forsooth, now Christmas itself will soon be with us.

TO BE REGRETTED

In giving up all manual training the Michigan School for the deaf certainly has made a drastic change, one that has not occurred in any other school for the deaf, within our memory. For many years the tendency has been to increase and accentuate the opportunity for getting a trade, and conditions must have been pressing indeed to necessitate such a change. The great value now attached to the learning of a handicraft would make it a somewhat serious question with many of us, were one

THE SILENT WORKER

department to be dropped, just which one it should be. The question does not appear to have arisen in Michigan at all, possibly on account of the very larger number of farmers in that state.

GOOD NEWS FROM OHIO

Happily the Ohio School does not have to close its doors to the deaf; but the catastrophe was averted only by a hair's breadth. Had the war continued for another month the change would have been made from a school for the deaf to a hospital for wounded soldiers, with a probability of its not returning to its original uses for many a year, if ever. It is all the happiness in the world to everybody to be able to turn any good thing over to the boys. Our money, our efforts, all that we have are theirs; but is it not rather singular that schools for the deaf should be the first selected for their uses. The deaf require especial environment, especial teachers, especial everything to be properly taught. Speaking children grow up with a fair education upon many lines, if they never see a school-house. Why not take, here and there a school for hearing children, and leave those for the deaf to the purpose for which they are so urgently needed.

BY CORRESPONDENCE

Deaf children have in the times agone been taught under all sorts of conditions and by a great variety of methods, but it remained for Indiana to adapt to them a method hitherto used only in the instruction of the hearing. The deaf children there, up to last June under instruction in the splendid institution at Indianapolis, are to be instructed by correspondence. The teachers are to retain their connection with the school, but the children are to remain at their homes and there, daily or weekly, receive from the teachers new lessons and corrected old ones. The task will necessarily devolve under the circumstances, largely, upon the parents, brothers, and sisters who, in many instances will be busy people, or illiterate people, or both, and will be carried on under adverse circumstances, at best, and yet it may result in giving the families and friends an interest in the details of their education, that will in the end, instead of retarding their progress, be the means of advancing it to a higher plane than it has ever before held.

THRIFTY NEIGHBORS

The sense of ownership is a happiness in itself and it is especially so in the case of one's home, where the pleasure of living is increased two-fold if the house is one's very own. When you live at the whim of a landlord with the possibility of being ordered out at any time, there is little comfort and absolutely no incentive to improve or beautify. The ideal home is the one the owner occupies. Perhaps nowhere do the deaf realize this more than in Philadelphia, where, at the last count, thirty-four of them

owned their homes. There may be some doubt about owning real estate as an investment but there is no question as to the wisdom of having title to one's home, and the example of the deaf in the Quaker City is one that may well be followed.

HAS ITS DRAWBACKS

The school at Belleville, Ont., must have quite a farm. On it there are 4,000 apple-trees alone, and when the time for harvesting came a few weeks ago, it was necessary to add all of the boys and girls in the school to the outside help that was obtainable, before they could garner the crop. There are two points of view from which we may look at such a farm. It certainly does contribute greatly to the needs of the school, but does it not also, at times, make serious inroads into the work of the academic and industrial departments.

We shall soon know the comparative value of watchmen and watchwomen, a number of the latter having been employed in various schools for the deaf to take the places of men who have been called to the colors or who have resigned to take more lucrative employment.

The issue of the Canadian which came out while the grippe was at its height has this note; "we feel that we deserve congratulations for being able to get out any kind of a paper this week." There were a number of our little paper family that felt that way about it at the time.

BOTH WORSHIPPED THE SAME GREAT NAME

Jack Smith belonged to the Y. M. C. A.,
Pat Sheehan to the K. of C.
Both marched away 'neath the flag one day
To fight for the Land of the Free.
Jack bowed his head as he said a prayer,
Pat knelt with his parish priest.
Then they stood up square to go "over there"
To grapple the Hunnish beast.

Now their altar rails were not the same,
Though they camped in the same old shack.
But just the same 'twas the same Great Name
They worshipped, both Pat and Jack.
While Jack stood straight as he humbly prayed,
Pat knelt at a candle shrine;
But the same God heard each whispered word
That harkens to yours and mine.

They didn't agree, did Jack and Pat,
On methods of worship true;
But what of that? They went to th' mat
For the old Red, White and Blue.
They knelt apart, but 'twas side by side,
They fought for their homes and right.
And the blood-red tide of the Kaiser's pride
They battled by day and night.

So "over the top" to the Glory Side,
Where never is war nor tears;
Where the true and tried in God's love abide
With nothing of doubts nor fears.
And the God they met as they entered in
Where the souls of all men are free,
Was the God of Jack's Y. M. C. A.
And the God of Pat's K. of C.

—Hartford Catholic Transcript.

SCHOOL and CITY

The twenty-fifth.

Yule-tide happiness.

Only two weeks until 1919.

Just to think, a whole week of Christmas joy!

William Felts spent Monday and Tuesday at home, attending the obsequies of an uncle.

How we would like to join the children of the Colorado school on one of those wonderful hikes!

If we had an orchard like that of the Belleville School we'd be willing to devote all of our play hours to the task of garnering the crop.

We are a little bit envious of the Normal School on one account. It has such fine gymnasiums.

Two thousand men and women from the munition plant down the river get off the 4.45 train, daily.

Helen Bath would have been perfectly happy if only her mamma had dropped in on the Thanksgiving Day.

After a "tussel" with the influenza that lasted for three weeks, Miss Tilson is again back to her duties.

Thanksgiving boxes were not quite as numerous as usual, owing probably to the proximity of Christmas.

"Visions of sugar plums" are already dancing in the heads of our little folks, and they are counting the days until the 25th.

Samuel Brosniak has gotten it into his head that among his Christmas gifts there will be a wrist-watch and now fully expects one.

Mr. Gompers thinks that a rat sometimes comes and plays around his room while he is asleep. We guess he only imagines it.

Mr. Sharp's class has a new habitat, having been transferred from the east end of the first floor to the west end of the third floor.

In January the girls will be formed in companies to take up military training, and the boys will then have to look out for their laurels.

There are now twenty-three members of our boy scout troop. Scout-Master Sharp is at present giving them their "tenderfoot test."

Our motion pictures have been of a higher grade than ever this fall and have been a source not only of perennial instruction but of the greatest pleasure as well to all the little folks.

There was no detachment in the whole Victory Parade that presented a better general appearance than our school company, and they maintained their bearing right up to the end of the route.

Mr. Pope presented Mr. Sharp's class with a fine large war map a short time ago: but they had scarcely gotten it up and the blue pins indicating the war-front in place, ere the whole German line collapsed and the war was over.

Our new cottage is entirely finished, and the boys who have been fortunate enough to get places in it are delighted with their quarters.

Marion Apgar, Anna Campbell and Margaret Jackson have developed a great fondness for the linotype and it is pretty hard at present, to say which is going to make the better operator.

The other night Joseph Pepe dreamed that he was a turkey and that Patrick Agnew was chasing him with an axe. Quite a nightmare wasn't it?

While Smith Hughes, a brother of Philip's, was cranking his machine a few days ago, it kicked and broke his wrist. The next time he invests in a machine it will probably be a self-starter.

Mary Siegel, in her journal on the 29th, says "I am thankful to God for good health, a kind superintendent and principal, a good education. I also thank God for a good mother and father." Mary certainly appreciates the good things that she has.

Harry Smith dropped in for a final visit, flitted around for an hour, said good-bye to everybody and then left to make final preparations for a return to the "wild and woolly" probably, by this time, he is listening to the whispering winds of his native heath.

The game of basket-ball between our senior team and the alumni in the Normal School gymnasium was one of the most closely contested of any that ever took place between these two teams and the issue was in doubt right up to the last minute, the resident boys finally winning by the score of 9 to 6.

When we read how extreme conditions were in the Illinois school when the epidemic of influenza was at its height we feel that we were fortunate indeed. For a time in that school the academic and industrial departments were both closed and the whole resident population was divided into just patients and nurses.

When "America's Answer" was given at the Trent Theatre, our genial friend, Mr. Moses, did not forget us, and we had a fine afternoon with him, receiving a lesson in the transporting, provisioning and manoeuvring of an army that we shall always remember.

"Victory Day" was the "merriest, maddest day" we have had in our assembly-room for many a year. The pictures displayed by Mr. Sharp were striking, the addresses were inspiring and the big drum furnished everything else needed to make the occasion one of complete, patriotic joy.

The week-end of last week was spent by Mr. Porter in New York. Beside giving him a day off it afforded him the opportunity of getting needed parts of the linos, and Monday found our instructor in "the art preservative" with renewed vigor, and our linotypes in perfect running order.

In having 106 cases of influenza we thought we were peculiarly unfortunate, but we have recently noted that West Virginia out of an enrollment of 220 had 185 cases, two of which were fatal. When we consider that there was no fatality in any case with us, we now feel that we were most fortunate.

It was quite a disappointment to Irene Humphries not to be able to attend the wedding of her Aunt Catherine that took place on the 28th of October. Irene says she wore a white satin dress and carried a large bunch of chrysanthemums, and that she is spending her honeymoon at Niagara Falls, so while not present she has been kept fully advised.

In closing his little address in chapel, on Thanksgiving Day Parker Jerrell said: "We thank the Lord that peace has come once more; we thank the Lord that, while we could not fight, we could help the fighters and the sufferers; we thank the Lord that the deaf in France and Belgium can go to school again; we thank the Lord that the war has not broken up our school, and we thank the Lord that the Germans have not been able to invade our land." Good reasons for thanks to be sure.

Our Lilliputians are a wonderful little body. The individuals are pygmies who can do little by themselves, but when they pull together, it takes a big body indeed to resist them. It is most interesting to see them Saturday mornings, under the direction of Mr. Gompers. Things give way before them at a rapid rate, and as they pass along they leave everything in their wake "ship-shape" and presentable.

Our Monday afternoon a week, Manager Moses of the Trent Theatre invited us to see the "Hearts of the World", then having a screen presentation at his house, and we attended in a body. Nothing could have given us a keener realization of the horrors of war nor could there have been a prettier little love-story than that which ran through it all, and everybody enjoyed the outing greatly.

Through the generosity of the New Jersey Society of the Deaf our already well-stocked library has received a number of handsome additions during the past week. The balance left, after the expense of installing the mural tablet of Mr. Jenkins was defrayed, was by unanimous vote of the society contributed for the purpose. The amount was swelled by a number of personal donations from members and the whole placed with Mr. Pope for the purchase of books. He and Mr. Sharp made the selections last week, and the volumes are now on our shelves. The gift is greatly appreciated by all.

Our Hallowe'en was a night of royal festivity. We had been looking forward to it ever since school opened, and had, for a long time, been making preparations; so when the weird things of earth that come from their cavernous abodes, out of the fastnesses of the forest, from the depths of sea and out of the thin air danced in among us on the night of the 31st, we were quite prepared for them. And, how they came, witches, gnomes and wraiths; hobgoblins, fairies, and sprites; brownies, teddy-bears and gold-dust twins, Happy Hooligans, Hans, Fritz, and Mother goose, and even that old Arch-fiend, the Kaiser was there. You'd have expected discord; but they mixed in a most harmonious way and the night was one of unalloyed pleasure. They did not stay till the "wee sma hours," but at the stroke of ten, after partaking of an abundance of apples, cider and peanuts, again "vanished into thin air."

The hour following the study period, each evening, has been selected for the reading hour, and it is a pleasure to note with what avidity the children turn from their lessons to the books they are interested in. On Monday evenings they gather in a group and outline to each other the matter they have been reading, giving the gist of everything they have read during the week. On the last "resume night," Jesse Still gave twenty-five pages of Hans Anderson; Norman Struble ten pages of Dr. Luke; Charles McBride, ten pages of the Riverside Stories, and Raphael Cannizzaro copious extracts from "Round the World." The benefits of the reading hour are becoming most apparent.

Among our visitors on Thanksgiving Day were:—

Messrs. Charles Dobbins, George Hummel Alfred Shaw, Lorraine Pease, Fred Ciampaglia Michael Callandra, Frank Hoppage, Walter Battersby, Frank Madsen, Randall McClelland, John Gronkowski, Roy Hapward, Vito Dondiego, Thomas Kelly, Orsteo Palmeri and Frank Penrose. Misses Clema Meleg and Ethel Collins; Mrs. Stephenson and her two little daughters. Grace Rae's two sisters, Mabel Smith's mother, Clara Wallace's father and mother, Clementine Teuber's father and brother, Signe Nordberg's father, Emma Allen's mother, Charles McBride's mother, Steven Corello's father and mother, Edward Campbell's grandmother and brother, Henry Coene's mother and Lester Banahard's mother and three sisters.

CADET OFFICERS' SOCIETY

The second regular meeting of the Cadet Officers' Society was held in the new cottage on Wednesday night, November 3, 1918.

President Cadet Captain James Davison called the meeting to order at 8:30 p.m.

All the members were present.

The minutes of the last meeting were read by Secretary Cadet Adjutant William Felts and, upon motion, were approved as read, and passed by Cadet First Sergeant Elton Williams and Cadet Sergeant Patrick Agnew.

Treasurer Cadet Field Musician Anthony Gronshuski's report for October was audited by Cadet First Sergeant Joseph Whalen and Cadet Corporal Walton Morgan.

Counselor Superintendent Pope gave us a good speech. He said that he was very much pleased with us for we helped him to improve our school. He wanted us to teach the smaller and bigger boys to do better work in the school and in the trades. He said that we must help him more to improve our school, so that it will lead all other schools and he depended on the boys and the girls to help him and told us of our duties and we could not dodge the responsibility of our influence over the boys or of our duty to the school.

Major Gompers gave us another good speech and read a letter from Mr. Byer who told us of his duties in the Army Students' Training College.

We were very much interested with their speeches.

The motions to change the name of the society to The Calm Society, and to make the colors red and white as our society colors were passed by the members.

Proceedings and news notes heretofore published under the head of the Cadet Officers Society hereafter will be published under the head of "The Calm Society."

There was no further business and a motion made to adjourn by Cadet First Sergeant Joseph Whalen and seconded by Cadet Captain Parker Jerrell was carried at 10:10 o'clock.

Cadet Adjutant WILLIAM FELTS
Secretary.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The second regular meeting of the Athletic Association was held on Saturday evening, November 2, 1918, with all the members present.

The meeting was called to order at 7:30 o'clock by President James Davison.

The minutes of the last meeting were read by Secretary William Felts and approved by the members.

Coach Gompers organized four basket-ball teams, and announced that bronze medals will be awarded to the players of the teams leading in the league.

He appointed a captain for each team and the players were chosen by the captains as follows:
Washington Team (blue)

Joseph Whalen, Captain; Patrick Agnew, Stanley Lunewski, Joseph Frederickson, Steven Corello, Stephen Semancik.

Franklin Team (white)

James Davison, Captain; Philip Hughes, John Gronkowski, Anthony Gronshuski, William Dixon, Frank Boreale.

Wilson Team (Red)

William Felts, Captain; Elton Williams, Joseph Pepe, Edward Campbell, Tony Tafro, Charles McBride.

Jefferson Team (Yellow)

Parker Jerrell, Captain; Ernest De Laura, Michael Robertillo, Salvatore Maggio, Norman Struble, Michael Uhrin.

A ribbon of the team color with the letter will be worn on the upper left breast of the jersey shirt. Mr. Gompers announced that he is arranging indoor games.

He suggested that the players should play under new Intercollegiate rules and not under the Professional rules any more.

Mr. Pope then delivered an interesting address on the subject of athletics, telling of the interest he had always taken in it and of his experiences as President of the Athletic Association at Williams College. He told of the important bearing it had upon the whole life of the boy and advised us to continue and increase our interest in sports and games and in everything that bore on our physical welfare.

After transacting some minor business, President Davison distributed membership cards to the members.

And the meeting was upon motion of Ernest De Laura, adjourned at 9:45 o'clock.

William P. Felts,
Secretary.

THE VAIL LITERARY SOCIETY

The second regular meeting of the Vail Literary Society was held in the assembly room on Saturday evening, the 26th. There was a large attendance and the exercises were thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

The recitation of "The Rainy Day," by Misses Martin, Uhouse, Schultz and Lynch was very pretty, the Current News as given Marion Apgar and Anna Robinson was most interesting, and the Debate as to which was the better location for a school for the deaf, the city or country was one of the most hotly contested we have ever had in our chapel.

The judges, Ruth Ramshaw, Esther Woelper, Wm. Felts, Marion Apgar and James Davison, after a careful weighing of the points, decided in favor of the affirmative.

The following program was arranged for the next meeting:—

Recitation—Jesse Still

Debate—Resolved that a college course is better for a deaf boy or girl than a trade.

Affirmative—James Davison and Esther Woelper.

Negative—Wm. Felts and Marion Apgar.

Current News—Anthony Gronshuski and Mary Siegel.

The session adjourned at 9 o'clock to meet at the call of the chair.

THE DAWN

When the sun goes to its setting behind the western hills, so gradually does the light fade and the darkness come on, that one scarcely knows where the day ends and the night begins. By and by, the lengthened shadows disappear altogether, the song of the bird and the hum of nature is stilled, objects around us fade until they are almost lost sight of, and the night is upon us. The darkness intensifies, as it advances, and it is not until the last hours of the night that we have almost inky blackness; and we are prone to say that "the darkest hours just precede the dawn."

As in nature so in the history of mankind, when all is dark, there comes a deliverer and the dawn.

Could there have been any lot more sad than that of the Israelites in Egypt. Servile slaves, given food unfit for swine, held in contempt, beaten, bought and sold, compelled to make "bricks without straw" torn from their families, not permitted to worship as they would; no people could have been more debased or abject.

But God had not forsaken them. Moses was sent and then came the day; freedom, Canaan and happiness.

There was a time when the whole world appeared lost in sin. Men had turned from the true God to idols. Murder and robbery everywhere prevailed, wars were destroying thousands, every commandment was being violated, the darkest hour had arrived.

Then came the Light of the World.

In our own land thousands of poor blacks were enslaved. Sold like cattle, their families broken

up; horribly beaten for the most trivial faults, housed in the vilest shacks, fed scarce enough to keep body and soul together, without religion, without education, with nothing but galling work the future without a promise.

Then came Lincoln, emancipation, liberty, a new, a happier and a holier life, a life worth living, a golden sun-rise.

The darkest hour of the deaf continued for centuries. Living within the world they were scarce a part of it. A stone wall seemed to separate them from all the good there was in it.

Wholly unenlightened, they were like so many animals. With minds wholly undeveloped, they could not communicate with those around them; untaught in a trade, they were ordinarily useless members of the community. They were ridiculed and abused, often beaten, considered a disgrace to their relatives and in some lands considered accursed and destroyed.

But the dawn was at hand.

There came De l'Epee of France. Heineke of Germany, Braidwood of England and, in our own land, the Gallaudets. It was Dr. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, that brought deliverance to the deaf of America. Without him, they would never have been able to read, to write or to live in the same way as hearing people do. Peter Wallace Gallaudet had twelve sons. The eldest was named Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. He was born in Philadelphia December 10, 1787. We do not know much about his childhood except that he was very fond of study. When he was thirteen years old, his parents moved to Hartford, Conn. He graduated from Yale. He wanted to become a lawyer and he began to study law, but his health was poor, so he decided to become a minister.

One of his neighbors in Hartford, Dr. Mason Cogswell, had a little girl named Alice. She could not learn anything because she was deaf. One day, as Thomas was taking a walk, he saw Alice standing alone and watching some children playing near by. Thomas went to her and asked her a few questions, but she did not answer him. Then Thomas understood that she could not hear. So great was his sympathy for her that he wanted to find some way to make her happy. He heard that there were several schools for the deaf in Europe. He journeyed to England and asked some one to help him and show him how to care for the Deaf, but the people in England would not help him. Then he went to Scotland but he did not succeed. At last he went to Paris. There he found a good man named Sicard who welcomed him and was willing to help him. Thomas stayed in Paris a few months and the Abbe taught him the alphabet for the deaf and many signs.

Then Thomas came back to America. He brought with him a bright deaf man named Laurent Clerc. He opened a school for the deaf in Hartford in 1817. That was the first school for the deaf in America. He was its principal for thirteen years. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet was a very good teacher for the deaf. He wrote many books for children. He died September 10, 1851. He was sixty-four years old. We are all very thankful to him for finding a way to lead us to success.

Now there are thousands of deaf men and women all over the United States.

All are living as well as hearing people live and perhaps in some ways, better than many hearing people.


Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet had a son named Edward Minor. He worked with the deaf as his father had worked. He was educated at Trinity College in Hartford.

In 1856 he became a teacher in the institution for the deaf which his father had founded at Hartford, at the instance of Amos Kendall he removed with his mother Sophia Fowler Gallaudet to Washington, where they organized

PICKING STRAWBERRIES FOR UNCLE SAM

By ALICE T. TERRY

PART TWO



OWARD three o'clock a.m. we were awakened by loud thunder, which to my deaf ears seemed to explode on the roof, and great white flashes of lightning. Through the tall uncurtained windows the lightning darted freely in and out. Howard Jr. and Victor were afraid of it and persisted in ducking their heads under cover. It was in truth a weird, unfamiliar scene to them—for in the far West where we live the rains come down gently (?), unaccompanied by any such terrifying, noisy demonstrations from the heavens. I remembered being told once by my father that nocturnal lightning is not dangerous. So with that assurance I somewhat allayed the little boys' fears, and soon had them fast asleep again.

I was up that morning with the sun—the day dawning bright and clear. I built a fire in the cook-stove, soon had it brisk and hot and ready for business. Its warm, cheery glow felt good after the chilly dampness caused by the rain. Our Boss seeing the smoke issuing from our chimney came straightway down to inquire as to our comfort, our needs, if any. We assured him that we felt fit and fine, not mentioning that our limbs were sore and stiff, the result of that first day's picking. The Boss must have felt a bit ungallant as he recollected now that we had slept on the hard floor. Yesterday he had been too rushed to notice it, perhaps; for he called the boys aside, and pointing to an old straw stack not far away he instructed them when and how to obtain enough of it for our beds. We thoroughly enjoyed our breakfast. The thunder had not soured the milk and cream, as I had expected. Without washing the dishes—if you call tin plates and cups dishes—we hurried over into the forest, spending an hour exploring and contemplating its loveliness. In sharp, inspiring contrast to the black tree-trunks, still drenched with rain, was the fresh, vivid green of moss, grass and foliage. Throughout the woods the dead leaves formed a perfect carpet to tread upon, and I would have given much to have slept out there in the open. My thoughts reverted to my once neighbor, and still dear friend, Mrs. C—, who is admirably at home in the forest in all its moods, in all its perils. Physically she is large and strong, and of course blessed with the perfectly good ears upon which man is wont to depend so much in the lonely wood. I said to myself, "Yes, if she were here our bed would be these leaves under the stars."

The call to the field and to work came at seven-thirty. That surprised me somewhat as the ground and vines were still wet. But as before we went at it joyously. Just to thrust your hand into the deep bed of cool, glistening foliage, in the ever delightful discovery of more and more rich, ripe, red strawberries—oh, the joy of it! Soon my feet and skirts were soaking wet. But I was too busy and too interested to notice it, as good soldiers should be. The warm sun glowed on everything, pretty soon it would be dry. Meanwhile the contact of wet leaves was soothing to my already fevered sun-burned arms. For my proud boast that I never sun-burn wasn't working this time! How often I had gone into the Pacific Ocean, and had then lain for hours on the hot sands without getting sun-burned, for which my friends had dubbed me immune.

At the end of the first day and half there was between Howard, Victor and me \$8.50. Do you call that profiteering? But never mind what you call it, we were having a thoroughly novel and eventful time which we can always recall with pleasure and merriment, else how could I now be writing this story? To Howard and Victor

the birds and their songs were everywhere. But somehow they picked out the gay-coated, noisy woodpecker as their favorite. One day Victor thought he heard a most unusual woodpecker. He silenced us that he might listen uninterrupted. He said to me, "O, Mamma, it is beautiful!" But his brother was skeptical. "That is not a woodpecker," he said, disgusted. So to settle the dispute they darted through the fence and into the forest to investigate. Pretty soon they returned, laughing. Victor's wonderful woodpecker proved to be a cow bell!

Pretty soon I began to follow the example of our neighbor, the perfectly harmless grandpa. That was to get up early and pick a great plateful of fine berries for breakfast. Whether our Boss saw us do it, and whether he protested, we never knew or cared. (Perhaps it is true that labor will forever seek to take advantage of capital.)

Several days had passed, the week was nearing its end, so was the berry season. For they had already been picking ten days when we arrived. We were beginning to have lay-offs of two hours to half a day. It was this enforced idleness that turned our thoughts to home and its comforts again. Besides our provisions were running out, getting food in that locality being the hardest problem we had to face. More than once my telephone orders had gone wrong. (I will yet write something strong on "The Unreliability of The Telephone." Watch for it.)

Practically all of the other pickers lived or boarded in town, being conveyed to and from work in a large motor truck.

An idea occurred to me. I sensed that somewhere around here lived old friends of ours, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Wallen. Twelve years ago we, my husband and I, had visited them, enjoying their hospitality exceedingly. Howard Jr. was then a baby in arms. A little inquiry brought forth the desired information, they told us that the Wallens lived two miles down the south road. So early one afternoon under a scorching hot sun we started out to find them. It was a long, long tramp, made all the more uncomfortable by the lack of both shade trees and water. Once we came within sight of a well by a school-house and hurried up to it, only to find it cruelly unfriendly—the chain from its pump gone. We had already walked two miles, with the Wallen home not yet in sight. But I cheered the boys on, reminding them of the fine place, the big supper and the nice clean beds that awaited us. Little Howard looked at me reproachfully and said, "Mamma, they have not asked you yet!" Poor little fellow, he knew only the formal ways of sophisticated city people; he would yet witness the unstinted hospitality of country folks. (A few weeks later I read David Grayson's book, "The Friendly Road," and laughed heartily that that author's and my experience coincided so well—in the subtle art of making ourselves welcome and at home with the chance ruralist.)

Mrs. Wallen herself met us at the door. Pretending to be strangers I inquired who lived here. She answered me, and we smiled. Still she did not in the least recognize us. Then Howard spoke up and said, "Terry—don't you remember Terry?" Did she? For answer she threw out her arms and nearly smothered us in her affectionate embrace. Twelve years is a long time for friends to be parted. She had grown stouter, as for me I felt about the same. Howard Jr. was of course no longer a baby, and as for Victor—she didn't know that he existed. I cannot remember of ever having received a warmer welcome.

But the news that I was picking strawberries, incidentally had come all the way from California to do it, was a positive shock to Mrs. Wallen.

For it seemed that she had always regarded me as a frail little woman hardly fit for housework—let alone the field. When she had visited me in the years past she wouldn't so much as permit me to dress a chicken, insisting on doing it herself.

Supper was all that we had anticipated, and we ate like hungry toilers eat, to the great delight of our host and hostess. We slept too in clean sweet beds, and were never happier in our lives. The Wallen farm is a beautiful estate; they specialize in pure bred Jersey cattle, Poland China hogs, Shropshire sheep and Black Langshan chickens. Their friends and admirers come from far and wide—different states—to buy. Next morning we were up early and insisted on returning immediately to our work. Mrs. Wallen protested, but I told her that we had promised our Boss to return. She permitted us to go only on condition that we promise to return to her house that evening. But we did not walk to work, Mr. Wallen took us in a buggy. Some ride, the first buggy ride I had had in ten years! It happened that there was not much picking to do that day, nor would there be for several days; so we told the Boss that we would leave that evening not to return. Promptly at six o'clock Mrs. Wallen drove up in her big car, into which we scrambled eagerly, glad at last to forsake that scene of our hardship.

Next morning I accompanied Mrs. Wallen's daughter over to a neighbor's house. There I witnessed something that to me was truly sad and discouraging. For this neighbor had been forced to stand by helpless while the greater part of her field of fine strawberries went to rot and ruin. Her loss was fully \$1000. I asked her if she belonged to the local Fruit Grower's Association. She said YES. Then I knew that the Association was to blame for her plight,—its trouble being that it was poorly organized. Instead of laying off pickers as they had lately been doing why hadn't they sent us to untouched fields like this? The whole trouble seems to be that rural people as a rule are too negligent of simple business principles. The sight of those fine, neglected berries that morning was irresistible; so a few of us volunteered to pick for nothing, and for several hours we worked in a boiling hot sun.

That evening we bade the Wallens goodbye, and returned home to our folks.

"Oh, you are brown as an Indian," they greeted me, half alarmed. During all those days of hard work I had enjoyed the best of health. But I am afraid I had overdone it, for in a few days I was ill. For many days it was a case of better, or a case of worse. Some one mildly suggested typhoid fever. I knew the symptoms of typhoid, but I was not alarmed. I had however been suspicious of that well from which we drew our water, it being in a barnyard on a level with the stables. But I was determined not to take that deadly sickness nor anything else like it, any more than I intend to take the "flu" now with it raging around me in October. Finally, I saw a doctor, and by following his simple directions I was soon entirely well again. It was nothing but a mild case of sunstroke.

As for Howard Jr. and Victor, they suffered not the slightest ill effect. Given the opportunity we would gladly do it again!

I wish that others who feel that they have done something special for Uncle Sam would herein record their tales. For, verily we ought to make the old Silent Worker hum with our patriotism, our ups and downs, our joys and sorrows.

ALICE T. TERRY.

Experiences of a Deaf Y. M. C. A. War-Worker

By EDWARD E. RAGNA

PART II.



IN THE evening of December 15 we reached the camp where 24000 men were encamped. They were National Guardsmen chiefly from Ohio and the adjoining states, and because of their previous training and Mexican border service were sure to be among the first to go to France.

The whole camp was dotted with tents which had wooden floors and sides. There were many large buildings such as the great Buckeye Coliseum, the Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, and Red Cross buildings besides a mile of warehouses.

The reservation laid out for the camps consisted of thousands of acres, and included the state fair grounds with its large auditorium seating 12000. It had been renovated and renamed the Buckeye Coliseum, and a fine oval race-track, and Rickett Springs, the amusement resort of Montgomery. The dancing pavilion and other buildings here were made into offices, and the general headquarters were here.

We proceeded to the Y. M. C. A. administration building and made ourselves at home in our new surroundings. Night came on fast, and soon it was dark. We had not time to arrange for mess with the soldiers so we went to the Hub restaurant a white-washed, renovated barn, and got good food at a good price. There were not many lights for the camp was even then still in the course of construction, and our party not knowing what place to go to, walked about in the balmy air and pointed to and discussed the constellations and stars—the polar star, great bear and little bear, the dipper, etc. I spent the time thinking of the striking contrast of the deep snow in Cincinnati the evening before and this mild winter evening in the South.

The next day was Sunday December 16. It was a busy day, for the Y. M. C. A. keeps the boys entertained all the time they are off duty knowing the devil always has something for idle hands to do.

In the afternoon I was assigned to mess with Company B. military police. The military police policed the whole camp and also Montgomery as far as the conduct of the soldiers was concerned. They policed the camp in several shifts and in this I was fortunate for if I missed my meal with one shift I could get it with the next shift and as a result I rarely missed a meal.

To arrange for messing with the soldiers, I went with a Y. M. C. A. secretary to the mess sergeant at 4 p. m. that afternoon, (mess was at 5 p. m.) The secretary introduced me to the mess sergeant and his corps of chefs and kitchen police, and then delivered my biography—name, education, profession, where from, purpose at camp, and said I was a Y. M. C. A. secretary. After the oration we withdrew.

At the Y. M. C. A. headquarters I was given a set of mess tins. The "Y" mess kit had a full set of fine aluminum ware. There was no knife, the sharp edge of the spoon being used for cutting. All were covered with a thick nickel plating and shone gloriously.

The mess call was promptly at five, and about that time I came around to the door of the mess hall where the soldiers were lined up on one side to pass by the serving counter. I still wore my gray suit—civilian garb and had two pins on my coat—one my college seal pin and the other a N. A. D. which I purchased at the Old Hartford Centennial. I had forgotten about these pins. I paused at the door preparatory to my "grand entrance" into the soldier's sphere.

With chest out to put up a good front I opened the door and sauntered in, and came face to face with two hundred soldiers lined up impatiently waiting for their chow. My civilian garb at once attracted their attention and I drew a full house. As related to me later, I was greeted by the soldiers with such salutations as "Look who's here!" "He is a Mexican general," "Hello Villa," "He's a Greek general," "He's a bull moose," "Hello Ikey!" "Hello Abdulla," "Hello Poppoff," "How's your mother?"

"Shut up you fellers! He's DEEF," roared the mess sergeant across the counter. Then he delivered a short speech and told them that though I was deaf and exempted I was to have a hand in canning the Kaiser, etc. Like a snowball which increases in size as it is rolled down hill—the flattering biography which the "Y" secretary gave the mess sergeant at 4 p. m. had fired the mess sergeant dormant oratorical talents and for the next hour he ceased hurling invective at his helpers and did some deep thinking. When the time came he delivered his introductory speech on six cylinders, muffler off, rivaling Stentor for loudness, Webster for eloquence and Sinbad the Sailor for exaggeration. **Caveat emptor.** I should worry.

The soldiers became quiet and looked curiously at me. The mess sergeant honored them, or rather, gave me the honor to head the 200 soldiers as we passed the counter. Our mess tins were filled with the finest food in the world, of great variety and unlimited in quantity, too. I had heretofore regarded such a thing as "having an unlimited amount of food"—**Utopian**, but here it was a fact.

At intervals on the mess tables were stacks of bread in four columns. The soldiers sat down at the nearest end to the counter to save time, but I carried my mess tins full of grub a good way up the long mess hall, and planted them in front of four high stacks of bread rising up from a large tray. It partly cut me off from view of the soldiers in line on the other side of the room, passing down to the serving counter.

I slipped off one slice of bread after another from the high stacks, and soon lowered them till I was able to peer "over the top," and saw soldiers in line still passing down. They reciprocated my peering with interest. I didn't care how they looked or what they thought, and kept industriously working my mess tools.

The beef was not tough at all, but tender and juicy. I was surprised and remembered the hard work tugging and hauling all over my plate in eating the army mule beef where they forgot to take off the harness at Fort Wright, New York, while encamped there with the college military battalion in May, 1912. What a difference! I have travelled in and around fifteen states and must say that the soldiers are the best fed and clothed class of people in the United States, and hence of the world. We needed nothing in the way of food. Our syrups used with griddle cakes, were not diluted with water or too thin as was the case in nearly every beanery I have stuck my head in through those fifteen states.

St. Augustine's favorite prayer is said to have been:

"O, let thy Scriptures be my pure delight."

I adopt these words provided **army meals** be substituted for **Scriptures**. Those army meals are unquestionably the best in the world! Even when dining in the best hotel restaurants I never got better food. Moreover we had no fuss, and manipulated the same fork from potatoes to pie. We had plenty of sugar and coal even if there was a famine of these two commodities up north. We were the best fed and

best cared for people in the world even to free clothes and medical attendance.

Yet, somehow the "fond mammas" back home thought that they were faring better than the boys in camp,—such is the bliss of ignorance. Indeed, I almost felt ashamed of living in such solid comfort. I thought that hardships and discomfort followed in the train of war. Well, I did not meet any as far as the cantonments. I was almost afraid we were being pampered, for we no sooner needed anything, than we got it, and the best of its kind, too.

But the "fond mammas" thought differently and kept us giggling shamelessly by inquiring in their letters whether we had enough food, clothes, and everything.

At Christmas time the post office was flooded with an avalanch of boxes and packages, with that hardly an exception contained something edible if indeed the contents were not entirely so, and I wondered just how the soldiers could also eat these things in view of the bounteous, incomparable meals Uncle Sam gave us three times a day. I, myself, have a hearty appetite but I never was hungry after my three meals, and I worked like a yeoman at that too. I could not understand how the soldiers could eat the three meals provided by Uncle Sam and their boxes of eats, too.

I asked the mess sergeant about it, and he said that the soldiers passed up Uncle Sam's meal, and ate that sent from home,—a waste of money and food, for it was absolutely unnecessary. Uncle Sam's mess contained cake, jelly and preserves of all kinds, therefore, the delicacies sent in boxes were not "long lost friends" by any means, and because of the mail and express congestion they often arrived after the food was spoiled.

Many a man received a "gas bomb" from home, which was a package full of spoiled odoriferous food. In some cases a stuffed roast chicken or even turkey was received, but in such a state of decomposition because of the delay in transit that while many a "fond mamma" at home imagined her boy and his tent mates sitting down to a feast they were in fact parading behind him to attend the burial of the bird.

Quite a few birds were planted in the ground all told. One being a seventeen-pound turkey. Many a man refused the jelly served out at the counter because he had a glass of it from home, which he brought to the mess hall to eat. Some even had butter sent them.

Now, while butter and more often oleomargarine were served now and then to the soldiers, it was not necessary to receive any from home nor even to have any served out at all. The beef and pork always had rich fissures of fat crisscrossing and around it showing its high quality, and this fat served out in one way or another with the meat made up in full the fat requirement of each soldier. In spite of the large amount of work, I thrived wonderfully in camp and took on weight rapidly. I grew slabs of fat on my sides and cheeks and looked chunky and prosperous, and was in great spirits. Give me army meals every time! Never mind the silverware, the napkins, the ferns, or the pictures of fox hunting scenes.

The conservation of food was rigidly looked after by the army officers in charge and the mess sergeant. An order was issued that potatoes were to be boiled with skins on, and only as much as a soldier could eat was to be given out, hence, many small helpings rather than a few big helpings was the rule for the chefs were not sure that each soldier would eat a big helping.

(To be continued)

WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By ALEXANDER L. PACH

IT TAKES all kinds of people to make up the world, and this, unfortunately includes the miserable creature that sends half a column detailing with sickening fervor, the infirmities of his mother who has reached an advanced age and suffers beyond the usual. As the good woman written about is not deaf the description of what she has to undergo, and what her attendants have to undergo, was all out of place, and if the son wanted to acquaint the world with his mother's illness, two lines would have sufficed. It is not often that the deaf world is called upon to read such a pitiable thing, as this story sent in as news.

Another man reports that he is holding what he calls a "luxurious job" with the ship-building industry, and while there may be such things, they won't last long if Charles M. Schwab locates any of them.

Some one writing in the Volta Review under the heading "The lip-readers general adjustment" states before one acquires lip-reading, "Every day is a dull day, and everything seems to be disagreeable," which may be the experience of one deaf person, but certainly is not that of the many. Just how much store may be set on the writer's views may be gleaned from his statement that "after he has acquired lip-reading, he will find it as satisfactory as hearing, and often more so," which again is silly to the verge of idiocy and again leads to the thought expressed above to the effect that it takes all kinds of people to make up this good old world's populace.

One of the writers who chronicles college doings for the edification of us of the world outside recently had a paragraph that started with "Will a certain Sophomore newspaper hog never cease to make himself a nuisance in the reading room?" The sympathy of the great world will be with the poor students who suffer by being ground under the heels of a newspaper reading tyrant who wants to finish his paper before some one else gets hold of it. If I were a college correspondent, though, I think that I would keep little derelictions of that kind right in the College Family, and only herald the triumphs of the student body, and feature the things that add lustre to the beloved name of Gallaudet. In all schools there must be students with shortcomings, but these are better corrected on the inside than by dragging them to the light of outsiders. A correspondent who

uses his position to belittle his fellows only hurts himself in the long run, and when he gets off things that he thinks are smart because they hit those who haven't the means of hitting back, he isn't at all smart.

A lecturer before a deaf audience the other day commented on the unusual length of friendships among the deaf—longer by far than among the hearing, by reason of the fact that after being school-mates the deaf become members of organizations that keep them in touch all their lives, where the hearing drift apart, lose sight of, and interest in each other as a general thing. At seventeen, I had seven class-mates at school in a comparatively small town, and while so far as I know all are living I have not met any of them for many years, whereas in a school for the deaf very soon after, of eighteen classmates, I can locate all the living, and meet many of them frequently. Just out of curiosity, I looked up an old group photograph of the Gallaudet Club of New York, which went out of existence about thirty years ago, and was succeeded by another organization. There are twenty members of the club in the picture, which was taken at Iona Island, on an excursion in 1886, of whom five have passed on to their reward. The remaining fifteen are to-day all brothers in one or two organizations. Of course, as an offset to my preliminary statement, if I had not become deaf I might have kept in touch with hearing classmates to a greater extent, but on inquiry of others, I find it very general that friendships are of relatively short duration among the hearing as compared with the life-long friendships the deaf know.

One of the esteemed clergymen working among the deaf has changed his name from one very pronouncedly German to one that will spare him embarrassment and annoyance in future. Some German names are endurable, mine—for instance, which is so very like that of a distinguished Marshall of France that it is no burden, but if one was named Hohenzollern, or something that recalled that individual, one would be commended for making the change. Our clerical friend and the "gude wife" were not so much at a disadvantage because of their name, but their two little daughters were made to bear the brunt of a great deal of ridicule, and some heartless taunts that school children indulge in, and it was largely on their account that the change was made, and there is now not only no Kaiser in Germany, but no Kesier of St.

Ann's, for that gentleman is now, by act of law, the Rev. John H. Kent, M. A.

To-day I had a most interesting visit from Private Joseph P. Boden U. S. Army, who was honorably discharged from Camp Merritt yesterday and is now en route to his home, Sacramento, California, to resume his work with the Western Pacific Railway, where he is employed as a machinist, and by whom he has been paid ever since he enlisted. Private Boden is totally deaf, and has never learned to use the sign language, or even the manual alphabet, though he intends to begin now and make up for lost time. Though entirely deaf, Mr. Boden was educated in the public schools, and reads the lips so well, it is not necessary to use pad and pencil in talking with him. During all the months he has been in the Corps of Engineers, he has served as a mechanic, and was excused from such details as his infirmity barred him from, but otherwise he has made a fine record as a soldier, as his discharge papers attest.

Private Boden is a member of San Francisco Division of the N. F. S. D. and I will venture the prediction that he gets a big reception on his return to the Pacific Coast.

And that reminds me that a member of Greater New York Division, though very hard of hearing, Corporal Thomas J. Murphy not only got into the service, but became a Corporal in France, and was wounded there. Greater New York Division plans a reception for him when he returns to these shores that will include a Sunday afternoon parade by the Division, with a band in the lead and Corporal Murphy in line, in a place of honor. The Division's banners will tell the public who is celebrating and the daily papers will tell why. The only point in doubt involve Corporal Murphy's modesty, but he will no doubt yield to persuasion.

Taken all in all, the record of the deaf people of the United States has been a glorious one from every point of view. Not only have these and other deaf men seen actual service in the combatant forces, but hundreds of others have been employed in war-work of a most essential kind, and in Liberty Loans, War Stamps and other activities the deaf have done their share, and more. We must not overlook the deaf women who have also given valuable aid in the line of Red Cross and other work.

Indeed, it is a record to be proud of!

THE DAWN

(Continued from page 42)

and took charge of an institution similar to that at Hartford, known as the Columbia Institution.

In 1864 he became one of the founders of the National Deaf-mute College at Washington, of which he became president. He died September 26, 1917. He was eighty years old. We shall honor Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet and his son Edward Minor forever. It was they that brought to the deaf of America the dawn that came after their many years in darkness.

Now another dark hour has been brought by the horrible war now being waged in Europe, and people are troubled and suffering.

The whole world seems plunged into darkness, and men are almost beginning to wonder whether it will ever end. We need not fear. There will come deliverance. These dreadful hours will pass as other dark hours have passed and, I have the faith to believe, will be followed by a love of peace, by a brightness and a glory, that the world has never known before.

MARION C. APGAR

Class of '18 of the New Jersey School for the Deaf



"Buster," the Prize Deaf Cat, belonging to Cora E. Coe, of Los Angeles, California

FEEL HUNGRY? READ THIS

See What Poor Soldiers Have to Eat

Clyde E. Holland, formerly on Bias Machine No. 3, Department 141, writes from Base Hospital Camp Joseph E. Johnson, Florida, to say the following was all they had for Thanksgiving dinner in that remote place:

Celery, Canape Caviar, Spanish Olives, Normad Bisque, Oyster Patties, Roast Stuffed Turkey with Cranberry Sauce, Roast Young Suckling of Pork with Apple-Nut Sauce, Candied Sweet Potatoes, Mashed Potatoes, Tomato Princess, Creamed Onions, Asparagus Tips on Toast, French Peas, Summer Squash, Knickerbocker Salad, English Plum Duff, Assorted Cakes, Ice Cream, Philadelphia Cream Cheese with Guava Jelly, California Fruits, Nuts and Raisins, Coffee, Candies, Cigars and Cigarettes.

Clyde states that such fare as the above is not unusual in that "neck of the woods," and quite pardonably, perhaps, makes no mention of a desire to return.—The Wingfoot Clan.

I will study and get ready, and maybe my chance will come.—Abraham Lincoln.

DEAF GIRL IS EXPERT PIANIST

Leah Wenger, 15, Displays Remarkable Talent as Musician.



Leah Wenger

Having never heard the charming delicacy of a Chopin waltz, the weird melancholy in the compositions of Grieg or the dramatic power of Wagner, Miss Leah Wenger, the 15-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Wenger, 48 South Ninth East Street, through untiring efforts and determination has proven beyond a doubt the folly of the old belief that music was only for those who have been blessed with the sense of hearing.

Although the beauty of the notes produced on the piano by her nimble fingers falls on unreciprocative ears, Miss Wenger appreciates the various works of the great composers through her sense of rhythm and her imagination.

How she accomplishes the effects she produces is a marvel to her hearers. From the delicate shading displayed in playing a Chopin waltz to the tremendous feeling delineated in the Beethoven concerto, she reveals a power that only those with keen ears are supposed to possess.

The work along musical lines has opened up a new world to the young girl, and, realizing this, she has sent a letter to City Commissioner C. C. Neslen, who is a member of the board of control of the school for the deaf at Ogden, asking him to use his efforts toward having music featured in the school.

"Piano playing," she declared, "is nothing more than dancing with the fingers and feeling the time and rhythm."

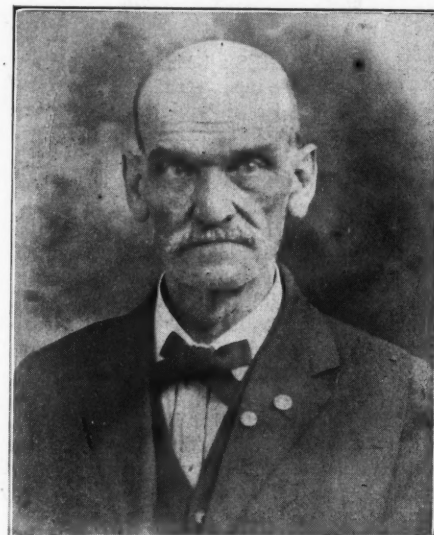
Miss Wenger's sense of rhythm has become so acutely developed that she can feel the clock strike, rather than hear it, and her eye has learned to distinguish sound from lip movement, so that she can converse without difficulty.

—West Virginia Tablet.

HENRY J. SWORDS

Henry J. Swords was born in Portsmouth, Ohio, July 4th, 1854. He attended the Ohio School and left there in 1875. During his vacation he worked in the saw mill and while being engaged his foot was caught in some way and the saw cut half of his foot off. Had it not been for the boss who stopped the running of the saw mill he would have been killed. He said it was almost a miracle. He has been crippled ever since. He is employed in the punch machine department of the Robbins & Myers Company. He is considered a faithful working-man. Since the organization of the Springfield Division N. F. S. D. he has sold the greatest number of

tickets of any member of that division for socials. He is a great hustler and has the gift of making friends among the hearing people. He is a



Henry J. Swords

checker player and one that is seldom beaten. He is a jolly fellow and has a pleasant word for everybody.

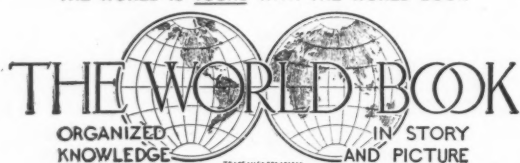
J. E. PERSHING

Esteem cannot be where there is no confidence; and there can be no confidence where there is no respect.—Giles.

The World's Knowledge Commandeered For the Service of all America

ONE of the ablest educators of the land—Prof. M. V. O'Shea of the University of Wisconsin—was able to enlist the services of 150 of America's foremost educators, authors and scientists for the work of creating an **EVERYDAY REFERENCE HELP** for home, school and office—built around a **BRAND-NEW IDEA**—absolutely **DIFFERENT** from anything yet produced:

THE WORLD IS YOURS WITH THE WORLD BOOK



This experienced corps **REJECTED** all unimportant and out-of-date matter.

¶ They **EXEMPTED** technicalities and the traditional "dead wood" of the old-time encyclopedia. ¶ They **ACCEPTED** only live, timely, vital subjects. ¶ These they **ORGANIZED** into **convenient, usable, fascinating** form—classified, pictured, diagrammed and charted for **active service, for quick reference, for ready comprehension.**

IT'S THE WORLD BOOK YOU WANT

¶ **Because** it answers your everyday questions—clearly, authoritatively, and in a way that invites you to continue your research via the abundant cross-references and lists of "Related Subjects."

¶ **Because** it was planned and built **AFTER** the World War, so that it has the new world-viewpoint and links every topic to present-day life and interests.

¶ **Because** it includes within its ten volumes the whole world of educational works.

¶ **Because** it is as easy to use as a dictionary and as readable as a book of adventure. It takes all the drudgery out of research.

THE war from which we have just emerged to such a splendid victory has imposed upon us new demands for knowledge and efficiency. It makes necessary a new kind of education. It has brought about a new world.

Prepare Yourself NOW

to give efficient service in this changed world. Get ready to answer victoriously the call for men and women who **KNOW**.

THE WORLD BOOK represents the only successful attempt to meet the new standards of world efficiency.

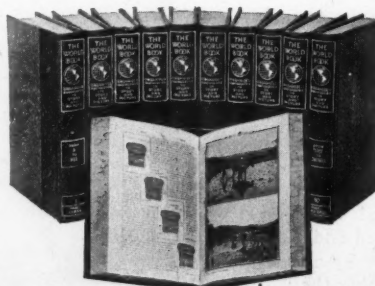
It is down-to-the-minute in its information. It has an amazing array of new maps, graphics, and illustrations that convey in a twinkling the outstanding points of what you want to know.

Says Orison Swett Marden, Editor of "New Success Magazine"

"In these crowded days, **THE WORLD BOOK** furnishes just the sort of reference a busy man or woman appreciates. It is by far the best of its kind. The more I use it, the more amazed I am to find how complete is its information on every known subject, from A to Z."

USE THE COUPON to ask for more detailed information about this delightful, time-saving, modern work that will pave the way to your better understanding of all world topics.

**HANSON-ROACH-FOWLER COMPANY
CHICAGO**



Hanson-Roach-Fowler Co.,
104 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago.
Send me your booklet, "Something New Under the Sun," and the current Service Bulletin, outlining special research work for the month through interesting questions. Also tell me about the dime-a-day plan for acquiring this new "efficiency tool."

Name

Address

Position

National Association of the Deaf

Organized 1880 Incorporated 1900
AN ORGANIZATION FOR THE WELFARE
OF ALL THE DEAF

Objects

To educate the public as to the Deaf;
To advance the intellectual, professional and industrial status of the Deaf;
To aid in the establishment of Employment Bureaus for the Deaf in the State and National Departments of Labor;
To oppose the unjust application of liability laws in the case of Deaf workers;
To combat unjust discrimination against the Deaf in the Civil Service or other lines of employment;
To co-operate in the improvement, development and extension of educational facilities for deaf children;
To encourage the use of the most approved and successful methods of instruction in schools for the Deaf, the adaptation of such methods to the need of individual pupils, and to oppose the indiscriminate application of any single method to all;
To seek the enactment of stringent laws for the suppression of the imposter evil,—hearing persons posing as Deaf-Mutes;
To raise an endowment fund,—the income of which is to be devoted to furthering the objects of the Association;
To erect a national memorial to Charles Michael De L'Epee,—the universal benefactor of the Deaf.

Membership

Regular Members: Deaf Citizens of the United States;
Associate Members: Deaf persons not citizens of the United States and Hearing Persons interested in the welfare of the Deaf.

Fees and Dues

Initiation Fee, \$1.00; Annual dues, 50c. Life membership, \$25 paid into the Endowment Fund at one time. All Official Publications free to members.

Official Organ: THE NAD

Every deaf citizen and all others interested in the advancement of the Deaf along educational and industrial lines are urged to join the Association and co-operate financially and otherwise in promoting its objects.

Life memberships, donations and bequests towards the increase of the Endowment fund are especially needed and earnestly solicited to the end that permanent headquarters, in charge of salaried experts, may be maintained for the more efficient and vigorous prosecution of the work of the Association.

Officers

James H. Cloud, *President*.
Principal Gallaudet School, St. Louis, Mo.
James W. Howson, *First Vice-President*.
Instructor School for the Deaf, Berkeley, California.
Clea G. Lamson, *Second Vice-President*.
Teacher School for the Deaf, Columbus, Ohio.
Arthur L. Roberts, *Secretary*.
Instructor School for the Deaf, Olathe, Kansas.
John H. McFarlane, *Treasurer*.
Instructor School for the Deaf, Talladega, Alabama.
Jay C. Howard, *Board Member*.
Investment and Real Estate, Duluth, Minnesota.
Olof Hanson, *Board Member*.
Architect, Omaha, Nebraska.

Trustees Endowment Fund

Willis Hubbard, *Treasurer*, Flint, Michigan.
Olof Hanson, Omaha, Nebraska.
Edwin W. Frisbee, West Medford, Mass.

State Organizer For New Jersey

Through whom remittances for dues, fees, donations and life memberships may be made
GEORGE S. PORTER,
School for the Deaf,
Trenton, N. J.

Join the N. A. D. Do it now.

One of the valuable school attainments is a taste for reading. The reading habit must be cultivated. As soon as a child can read, suitable books should be provided for him and reading should be a part of every day's activities. This phase of school work can not be left wholly to chance or impulse, as is sometimes done, without great danger. Love of reading is not innate. It is a development resulting from the action of certain stimuli. The first stages in the growth of the reading habit are not always enjoyable and may be painful. Much depends upon the kind of reading matter available and the way it is presented. All joy may be taken out of reading by the book or the teacher. No school activity calls for more thought, judgment, and tact on the part of the teacher than outside reading. The reading hour should receive as much attention as any other school exercise. The child that manifests no interest in reading should be given special consideration, with a view to developing a love for reading before it is too late; for no education is complete and lasting that does not include the habit. Every school for the deaf should have an attractive, well-lighted reading-room and library as an essential part of school equipment, and a teacher librarian who knows books and loves them and knows children and loves them also.—*The Nebraska Journal*.

Rudy Stuh, Sherman Coder and Hugo Holcomb are still employed at the Bremerton Navy yard. Mr. Holcomb says he believes if a flea was as large as a man it could jump from Seattle to Chicago. It's up to Mr. Holcomb to experiment along that line. A new method of rapid travel may be his to discover.—*The Washingtonian*.

"A man is not always known by his looks, nor is the sea measured with a bushel."—*The Rochester Adocate*.

NEW JERSEY MEMBERS OF THE N. A. D.

Bulletin No. 5

Beadell, W. W.	Arlington
Breese, Miss Clara	Eatontown
Campbell, Miss Anna	Trenton
Dirkes, Albert E.	Union Hill
Ellison, Arthur	Newark
Gompers, George K. S.	Trenton
Hansen, Hans P.	Hoboken
Hoppaugh, Frank Wesley	Ogdensburg
Kent, Miss Annabelle	East Orange
Metzler, Vincent	Somerville
Nutt, Frank	Trenton
Palmer, H. E. (associate member)	England
Pease, Lorraine B.	Plainfield
Porter, George S.	Trenton
Simmons, David	Rahway
Souweine, Mrs. E.	Grantwood
Stemple, Miss May S.	Merchantville
Stengele, Henry	Plainfield
Stevens, Harry E.	Merchantville
Sweeney, Miles	Trenton
D. Tatarinsky	Canada

All progressive deaf people of the State are urged to climb into THE NEW JERSEY BAND WAGON and help BOOST the National Association of the Deaf.

An initiation fee of \$1.00 will entitle you to membership. See advertisement.

The names of new members will be added to the Bulletins that follow.

GEORGE S. PORTER,
State Organizer.

School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.

JOIN NOW

WANTED

Photographs of Conventions and Outings.
Photographs of Children of Deaf Parents.
Photographs of the Deaf in Business.
Photographs of the Deaf engaged in unusual occupations.
Photographs of the New Jersey Deaf with brief sketches.

Photographs of Prominent Deaf Persons.
These can be used in THE SILENT WORKER from time to time as occasion permits.

THE SILENT WORKER is bound to be bigger, brighter and better than ever. Will you co-operate by sending us what we ask for gratuitously. Another favor—help boost the circulation of the paper by urging your friends to subscribe.

Send to THE SILENT WORKER,
Trenton, New Jersey

PAINTS

For Every Purpose

Sold by people who know
paints with a life-long
knowledge

Hooper's Paints



8 and 10 So. Warren St.
TRENTON, N. J.

F. S. KATZENBACH AND COMPANY

35 East State Street,
TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.



Hardware, Heaters,
Ranges, Mantels,
Grates, Tile Heaters
and Facings



Plumbers

Steam and Gas Fitters
Steam and Hot Water
Heating

Electrical Supplies

Bicycles

Bicycle Supplies

THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION

MELVIN A. RICE OSCAR W. JEFFERY
JOHN P. MURRAY JOHN C. VANDYKE
D. STEWART CRAVEN THOS. W. SYNNOTT
ERNEST R. ACKERMAN ROBERT L. COX

Officers of the Board

MELVIN A. RICE..... PRESIDENT
JOHN C. VANDYKE..... VICE-PRESIDENT
Calvin N. Kendall..... Secretary

COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION

CALVIN N. KENDALL

TERMS OF ADMISSION

THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, established by act approved March 1st, 1882, offers its advantages on the following conditions: The candidate must be a resident of the State not less than six years nor more than twenty-one years of age, deaf, and of sufficient physical health and intellectual capacity to profit by the instruction afforded. The person making application for the admission of a child as pupil is required to fill out a blank form, furnished for the purpose, giving necessary information in regard to the case. The application must be accompanied by a certificate from a county judge or county clerk of the county, or the chosen freeholder or township clerk of the township, or mayor of the city, where the applicant resides, also a certificate from two freeholders of the county. These certificates are printed on the same sheet with the forms of application, and are accompanied by full directions for filling them out. Blank forms of application and any desired information in regard to the school may be obtained by writing to the following address,

ALVIN E. POPE, Superintendent,
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, TRENTON, N. J.

OFFICERS

ALVIN E. POPE, M.A.
Superintendent

WILLIAM G. NEWCOMB
Principal Clerk and Business Manager

MARION C. WELSH
Stenographer and Clerk

MRS. SARA BISHOP
Matron

GEORGE K. S. GOMPERS
Supervisor of Boys

ANNA M. FITZPATRICK
Supervisor of Small Boys

MRS. EDWIN MARKLEY
Supervisor of Small Boys

B. HOWARD SHARP
Faculty Counselor for Boys

MATHILDE E. CORNELIUS
Supervisor of Girls

ADA R. STUDD
Supervisor of Girls

ELMER BARWIS, M.D.
Attending Physician

BURR W. MACFARLAND, M.D.
Oculist

LEROY W. FARLEY, D.D.S.
Dentist

NELL M. BERGEN, R.N.
Nurse and Dietitian

CHARLES McLAUGHLIN
Engineer

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT

JOHN P. WALKER, M. A.....Principal
MRS. J. SCOTT ANDERSON, Supervising Oral Principal

TEACHERS

B. HOWARD SHARP
MARY D. TILSON
LILLIAN A. BRIAN
HELEN CRAVER KANE
FRANCES H. PORTER
AMY M. HALES
ALICE C. MACKIE
ELIZABETH L. FOLEY
DOROTHY WRIGLEY
ANITA M. LEE
VIRGINIA ROGERS
FLORENCE LEWIS
PHOEBE E. OEHLER
HELEN KIRK
MARGARET J. BRILL
CLAUDIA FORMAN.

INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT

JOHN P. WALKERDean

Instructors

Trades

GEORGE S. PORTER.....Printing and Engraving
FANNIE L. SWEENEY.....Asst. to Instr. in Printing
J. LEWIS JOHNSON.....Mechanical Drawing and Woodworking
WILLIAM D. HUNT.....Asst. Woodworking and Carpentry.

HOME-MAKING INDUSTRIES

BERTHA BILBEE.....Dressmaking
MIRAM M. STEVENSON.....Millinery and Embroidery
CATHERINE SMYTH.....Tailoring and Repairing
MARY I. KOEHLER.....Domestic Science
BURTUS E. CARSON.....Baker

PHYSICAL TRAINING

GEORGE K. S. GOMPERS,Military and Physical
Training Instructor for Boys
ADA R. STUDD.....Physical Training Instructor for Girls

SUBSCRIBE for the SILENT WORKER. One Dollar a Year

PACH
PHOTOGRAPHER



TRINITY BUILDING
SUITE 2122-2123

111 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

Do your shopping
At Trenton's
MOST RELIABLE STORE
Dependable merchandise at moderate prices.

Kaufman's
South Broad
and Lafayette Streets
Trenton, N.J.

The
Crossley Machine Company

(INCORPORATED)
MANUFACTURERS OF

Pottery, Tile, Electrical, Porcelain and Clay
Washing Machinery

Machinery for Filtering, Grinding, Mixing
and Forming Clay

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

The British Deaf Times

An illustrated monthly magazine—newspaper for the Deaf. Edited by Joseph Hepworth.

LEADING ORGAN OF THE DEAF
OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

Edited and controlled by the Deaf
Independent, Interesting, Outspoken,
and Honestly Impartial
Twenty-four page monthly

Annual subscription—single copies (prepaid) 60 cents. Those who prefer to send a dollar bill will be credited with twenty months' subscription.

Send a picture post card for specimen copy.

The British Deaf Times,
25 Windsor Place, Cardiff, England

Gifts of Utility

Sold in Trenton at the
Capital Gift Shop

Conklin's
Self-Filling
Fountain Pen

The Capital Stationery
15 N. Warren St.

NEW JERSEY
History and Genealogy
A SPECIALTY

TRAVER'S BOOK
STORE
108 S. Broad. Trenton

MARTIN C. RIBSAM
Flowers, Seeds and
Poultry Supplies

BROAD AND FRONT STS.
Phone 210 Trenton

STOLL'S
School Supplies, Sporting Goods,
Games' Outdoors Sports and
Amusements
30 E. State St. Trenton

WILSON & STOKES
Lumber Co

Bell Phone 3620 Trenton

WM. CONVERY & SONS
Largest line of
Furniture and Carpets
in the city
129 N. Broad St. Trenton